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FROM BEGINNING
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THE COMING BACK.

When I came back to Ireland the leaves on the tree,
The birds on the branches would keep reminding me,
With, *don't you remember? and could you forget?*
Till I'm living and walking in the old times yet.

The wind from the mountains it blows fresh and strong:
Ah, don't you remember? is still the wind's song.
With, *don't you remember? and could you forget?*
As I went out a-walking 'twas the dead that I met.

There's a road runs to Wicklow: it goes past the door.
The dust of it's holy for feet it once bore.
They've all travelled Westward where the sun doesn't set.
Ah, don't you remember? and could you forget?

The blackbird he's mocking from the apple-bough:
Sure why would you trouble to be coming now?
When them that sore missed you is past fear and fret?
Ah, don't you remember? and could you forget?

There's not a flower in Ireland, there isn't a hill,
Nor yet a breath of the Four Winds but keeps reminding still,
Till my poor heart is troubled and my eyes are wet
For *don't you remember? and could you forget?*

Katharine Tynan.

NIGHTFALL—BEAULIEU.

Day ebbs apace; the rain Has turned to mist; all stir Of wind among the leaves grows less.
Only the night, only the night again, On soft-shod feet is here, Trailing forgetfulness—

Throughout this quiet country, which all day Lay shadowed with no more Of light than lingers when the sun has fled
Behind a cloud. O! living gray, Passionate land—what flame burns at the core
Of this still earth I tread?

For flame is here—no superficial gleam Such as the South declares In her blue fires brilliant and hard as stone.
This flame is kindled dream, Which through the deeps of slumber, unawares Rises—and then is gone!

Pale flame—faint smoke, Slow circling in enchanted twilights spun From drowsy ecstasy, Which like a magic cloak, Fashioned far out of sight, far from the sun, Rests lightly spread upon the earth and sea.

Margaret Sackville.

The Nation.

DANDELIONS.

A lark was lusty in the sky, A cuckoo called its elfin name, As through the glittering noon we came—
To pause with wonder-dazzled eye Before the dandelion flame.—

It flashed a glory to the sight, An overflow of earth's delight; And like a river seemed to run Out of the mountains of the sun, And fade in beauty far away Into the sapphire deeps of day.

And, gazing on the golden gleam, Man's temporal dwelling-place did seem A figment out of faery brought, All fashioned of a sunset-thought, And subtle as a dream.

James A. Mackereth.

HOW ENGLAND PREPARED FOR WAR.

PAGES OF HISTORY, SECRET AND OTHERWISE.

It is difficult to realize that at last the dread struggle which so many of us have foreseen has begun. We are fighting not for dominion, but for freedom; not for wealth, but for honor; not for territory, but for truth. Before war was declared, and while Sir Edward Grey was still endeavoring to localize the conflict between Austria and Servia, Germany violated the neutrality of Belgium, which she had guaranteed in common with her neighbors and ourselves. Before war was declared she had sent out minelayers to sow contact mines indiscriminately in the open seaway contrary to the Hague Convention, to which she put her hand, as a consequence of which we had to deplore, a few days later, the loss of 148 British sailors and a cruiser. Before war was declared she had issued orders to convert a number of merchant ships into pirates, in order to ravage British, French, and Russian commerce. When war was at last declared, her population behaved with a brutality to English-speaking residents—British and American—which shocked the civilized world. Within a little over a month from the time when fair speeches were delivered at Kiel and the German Emperor had his flag flying in Vice-Admiral Sir George Warrender's flagship, the *King George V.*, exercising nominal command over some of our finest ships of war, Germany tore away the mask from her face and revealed herself as the tyrant Power of the world, caring nothing for treaties or conventions or the ordinary dictates of human feeling.

I do believe Germany was convinced by evidence, which seemed to her conclusive, that we should not fight. She was ready for war on land, but not for war on the sea against the predominant naval Power. In the "History of

German Sea Power," written in association with Mr. Henry Castle, I stated:—

"The German naval authorities are intent on creating an instrument which will look well on paper when tons and guns are compared, and thus achieve a diplomatic objective, and which will be trained to the highest pitch of efficiency for a sudden coup, representing a triumph over the disadvantageous conditions traceable to the law of conscription; but it will never be the kind of fleet which St. Vincent fashioned and which maintained the blockade for month on month off the French coast and still preserved undiminished its ability to go in and win whenever battle offered."

The naval development, as planned in successive Navy Acts, was far from complete. Germany had expanded her sea forces, and had produced a more powerful engine, but the fleet still fell far short of her admitted ambition. It was a diplomatic weapon, a bludgeon to be held in the face of a timid people with a timid Government, dominated by humanitarian sentiments, but not the formidable war weapon of Germany's dreams. When Austria-Hungary determined to punish Servia for her alleged complicity in the assassination of the Archduke Franz Ferdinand and his Consort, Germany knew her intentions, but apparently not the time when they would be translated into acts. She promised her diplomatic support.

She was led to conclude that we should stand aside and maintain a neutral position, whatever happened. In the first place, from the day when the Liberal Party took office, she had regarded the successive administrations of Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman and Mr. Asquith as consisting of wild visionaries intent only on what the German bureaucrats looked upon as rank

Socialism; whatever happened, the British Government, supported by a large section of pacifists, whose importance Germans were led to exaggerate, would, it was held, endeavor to keep out of a European war. In the second place, Germany was impressed by the progress of the movement in this country in favor of friendly relations, backed by most influential names. From her Embassy in London this growth of friendship was encouraged. Every effort was made by direct and indirect means—but mainly by the latter—to lull the British people into a sense of security. The development of Irish affairs was watched with close attention. Emisaries, it is stated, were sent to Ireland to study the conditions where two citizen armies faced each other. The increasing cleavage in Great Britain, culminating in the incident of "Army *versus* People," was studied with interest. It was believed that civil war was inevitable, and that the Navy and Army were antagonistic to the Government. It may be safely conjectured that if we could see the reports to Berlin of Baron von Kuhlmann, the Chancellor of the German Embassy, during this period, we should have an adequate explanation of Germany's approval of the Austro-Hungarian plans against Servia, of her contemptuous disregard of Great Britain, and of her subsequent "infamous proposal" to us to stand aside and acquiesce in her troops marching through Belgium and in France, our friend, being robbed of her colonial possessions. A crowd of witnesses, from Sir John Brunner, the President of the National Liberal Federation, to Mr. Norman Angell, confirmed her in the anticipation that we should not take part in a war that would not pay.

Though we are related by blood, Germany has never understood the British people nor rightly estimated

the real strength of the ties which bind together the fabric of the Empire. She is materialistic, and has no appreciation of any but iron bonds. Germany believed us an old and selfish nation with an oversea Empire which one rude shock would rend asunder. She had given a literal interpretation to Napoleon's taunt, and staked her all on the belief that we were "a nation of shopkeepers." In their newspapers, officially fed, Germans read of the spread of the new angelic "gospel" that war does not pay, and concluded that we should not fight. The official news agency in Germany gave prominence to all incidents and speeches in the United Kingdom in opposition to the Navy and Army and the making of adequate preparations for preserving the peace. We cannot overestimate the importance of this widespread propagandism on the decisions of the German Government and the sentiments and expectations of the German people. When the crisis came, Germany had some ground for anticipating that we should accept a neutral position and dishonor, rather than risk our lives and our money. The German Emperor and his Ministers were convinced by all the evidence which reached them that the British people were debased to the level of Norman Angellism, and, in addition, were at war with themselves in consequence of the Home Rule controversy. The thought of Germany's "shining armor" on land, and the spectre of Germany's fleet afloat, reinforced by all the arguments of selfishness and greed, would ensure our abstention from intervention. This was the confident assumption. It was founded on a misapprehension of British character. It is not those who shout most in a democracy who rule.

In the hour of crisis the real British sentiment became vocal. When the die had been cast and Germany could

not withdraw, she learnt that we were not a nation of poltroons; that, though we have differences on internal affairs, we are united on the great principles of honor and justice; and that a British Government, which has regard for the poor and needy, is not therefore necessarily dead to all the instincts of honor. Probably in the history of the relations of States nothing ever caused more surprise and amazement to any Power than the firm stand made by Sir Edward Grey and the British Cabinet, and the whole-hearted support accorded to the administration by the whole nation—irrespective of creed and party.

Who can doubt we owe our present state of war, in no slight degree, to our idealists and pacifists? In full light of day, on platform, in the Press, and in Parliament, they had embarrassed the Ministers responsible for maintaining our defences, and their statements were spread broadcast through Germany as representing British opinion. The German authorities could find ample justification in the British Press, and in Hansard, for the infamous proposal which they presented in London. When the crisis came, Germany realized too late that in placing her confidence in the idealists and pacifists of the United Kingdom she had relied upon broken reeds. While the horizon was clear they had spoken words of peace; they had forced the British Government to reduce the appropriations for the Navy and Army. But when the crisis came, they made a few plaintive gasps, and then, abandoning the deluded Germans and their own ideals, took their stand with the rest of British subjects in defence of those principles of honor and straight-dealing which Germany had wantonly broken.

All men make mistakes, and the gravamen of the case against the British idealists is not that they pursued

a legitimate and laudable propaganda, but that they refused to recognize that the only chance which this country had of promoting that propaganda in a world armed to the teeth and of championing the small nationalities, lay in her strength in armaments, and particularly naval armaments. They lived in the clouds enforcing dangerous economies, until the vision of war, which the most far-sighted statesmen had seen materializing, had taken definite and menacing shape. When the crisis was sprung upon us, and the whole nation admitted that we had to fight for every interest we cherish, where was the Anti-Armament group in the House of Commons? What occurred to silence the Labor Party, which had fought against the votes for the British Navy and Army? Where were the members of the Peace Societies and the crowded audiences which had listened to Norman Angellism as propounded by the lecturers of the Garton Foundation? The instinct of the British people rose at the signal given by the Prime Minister and Sir Edward Grey, and the whole British people throughout the world stood united against the great despotism, which, after years of open preparation for war, had at last thrown down the gage. But it was too late to repair the joints in the British defences, and we had to enter on the war with the best courage we could muster, thankful that, in spite of many powerful influences, our armed forces, though inadequate, were not weaker than they were.

We should not realize the significance of events if we failed to glance back over the course of British naval policy during the present century. It consists of a record from which we may draw no little encouragement and confidence in facing the future.

When the first German Navy Act was passed, and the South African

war began, the British Navy was suffering from the palsy of peace. For nearly a hundred years, in virtue of the crowning victory of Trafalgar, it had held the seas in undisputed command. The passage of the German Navy Act in 1898 had caused hardly a ripple on British opinion. Even in 1900, when another Navy Act was adopted in the Reichstag, doubling the naval establishment which it was Germany's ambition to attain, there was no general recognition in the United Kingdom of the fact that our sea power was about to be challenged and that the hour had struck when we should put our house in order or perish. But developments were maturing. In the autumn of 1901 Lord Selborne, then First Lord of the Admiralty, paid a special visit to Malta to discuss the naval situation with a naval officer with whose name not a thousand people in the British Isles were then familiar. Sir John Fisher had, as recently as July, 1889, taken over the command of the Mediterranean Squadron; he had already made a great name in the service as a man of original thought and great courage, possessing a genius for naval politics and naval administration. He had represented the British Navy at the Hague Peace Conference, but he might have walked from end to end of London, and not a dozen people would have recognized him. In the following March, owing to Lord Selborne, he became Second Sea Lord, and a naval revolution was inaugurated.

First attention was devoted to the *personnel*. New schemes of training for officers and men and for the Naval Reserve were introduced. A new force—the Royal Fleet Reserve—was established, consisting of naval seamen and other ratings who had served afloat for five years or more; a Volunteer Naval Reserve was initiated; steps were taken to revise the administra-

tion of the naval establishments ashore, and to reduce the proportion of officers and men engaged in peace duties, freeing them for service in the ships afloat. On the anniversary of Trafalgar in 1904, after a short period in command at Portsmouth in order to supervise personally the reforms in training and manning policy already introduced, Sir John Fisher—Lord Fisher as he is now known—returned to the Admiralty as First Sea Lord. Instantly, with the support of Lord Selborne and Mr. Balfour, then Prime Minister, to whom all honor is due, the new Board proceeded to carry into effect vast correlated schemes for the redistribution of the fleets at sea, the reorganization of the Admiralty, and the readjustment of our world naval policy, which the new First Sea Lord had prepared months in advance.

Our principal sea frontier had been the Mediterranean. It was necessary to change it, and the operation had to be carried out without causing undue alarm to our neighbors—at that time we had no particular friends. Without asking by your leave from Parliament, the great administrative engine, to which Lord Fisher supplied fuel, proceeded to carry out the most gigantic task to which any Governmental Department ever put its hand. Overseas squadrons which had no strategic purpose were disestablished; unimportant dockyards were reduced to cadres; ships too weak to fight and too slow to run away were recalled; a whole fleet of old ships, which were eating up money and adding nothing to our strength, were scrapped. With a single eye to the end in view—victory in the main strategical theatres—conservative influences which strove to impede reform were beaten down. With the officers and men taken out of the weak ships, and others who were wrenched from comfortable employment ashore, a great fleet

on our new frontier was organized.

In the preamble to the German Navy Act of 1900 it had been stated:—

"It is not absolutely necessary that the German Battle Fleet should be as strong as that of the greatest naval Power, for a great naval Power will not, as a rule, be in a position to concentrate all its striking forces against us. But even if it should succeed in meeting us with considerable superiority of strength, the defeat of a strong German fleet would so substantially weaken the enemy that, in spite of the victory he might have obtained, his own position in the world would no longer be secured by an adequate fleet."

Lord Fisher had not studied the progress of the German naval movement without realizing that in this passage was to be found the secret of the strategic plan which the German authorities had formed. With the instinct of a great strategist, he reorganized the whole world-wide machinery of the British Navy, in order to suit the new conditions then developing.

The war in the Far East had shown that changes were necessary in the design of British ships of all classes. The First Sea Lord insisted that the matter should have immediate attention, and a powerful committee of naval officers, shipbuilders, and scientists began its sittings at the Admiralty. The moment its report was available, Parliament was asked for authority to lay down groups of ships of new types, of which the Dreadnought was the most famous. In the preceding six years sixteen battleships had been built for Great Britain, while Germany had laid down thirteen; our sea power, as computed in modern ships of the line, had already begun to shrink. Secretly and rapidly, four units of the new type—the *Dreadnought*, with her swift sisters the *Indomitable*, *Inflexible*, and *Invincible*—were rushed to completion.

Thus was the work of rebuilding the British Fleet initiated. Destroyers of a new type were placed in hand, and redoubled progress was made in the construction of submarines, which Lord Fisher was the first to realize were essential to this country, and were capable of immense development as offensive engines of warfare. We gained a lead of eighteen months by the determined policy adopted.

Just as the task of rebuilding the Fleet had been initiated, a change of Government occurred, and there was reason to fear that the stupendous task of reorganizing and recreating the bases of our naval power would be delayed, if not abandoned. In Lord Fisher the nation had, fortunately, a man of iron will. Though Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, above all things desirous of arresting the rivalry in naval armaments, was Prime Minister, and Lord Tweedmouth was First Lord of the Admiralty, Lord Fisher, supported by his colleagues on the Board, insisted on essentials. Delays occurred in German shipbuilding, and the Admiralty agreed that British shipbuilding could be delayed. Subsequent events tend to show that this policy was a political mistake, though we eventually obtained more powerful ships. It encouraged Germany to believe that under a Liberal Administration she could overtake us. *Between 1906 and 1908 inclusive we laid down eight large ships—of the Dreadnought type—and Germany laid down nine, and began to accelerate her programme of 1909.*

Then occurred a momentous incident. Lord Tweedmouth, after the famous incident of the German Emperor's letter, retired from office, and his place was taken by Mr. Reginald McKenna, who had already made his mark at the Treasury as an economist. He was to show that a rigid regard for economy was not incompati-

ble with a high standard of patriotism. In association with the Sea Lords, he surveyed the naval situation. In the following March occurred the naval crisis. Germany had accelerated her construction, and our sea power was in peril. The whole Board of Admiralty determined that there was no room for compromise. Mr. McKenna, it is now no secret, found arrayed against him a large section of the Cabinet when he put forward the stupendous programme of 1909, making provision for eight Dreadnoughts, six protected cruisers, twenty destroyers, and a number of submarines. The naval crisis was accompanied by a Cabinet crisis, in spite of the fact that Sir Edward Grey, as Foreign Secretary, gave the naval authorities his full support. *Unknown to the nation, the Admiralty resigned, and for a time the Navy had no superior authority.* This dramatic act won the day. The Cabinet was converted; the necessity for prompt, energetic action was proved. The most in the way of compromise to which the Board would agree was a postponement in announcing the construction of four of the eight armored ships. But from the first there was no doubt that, unless there was a sudden change in German policy, the whole octette would be built. When the programme was presented to the House of Commons, the Prime Minister and Sir Edward Grey gave to Mr. McKenna their whole-hearted support; either the Government had to be driven from office, or the Liberal Party had to agree to the immense commitment represented in the Navy Estimates. The programme was agreed to.

This, however, is only half the story. Neither the Government nor the Admiralty was in a position to tell the country that, though all the ships were not to be laid down at once, they would all be laid down in regular

rotation, in order that they might be ready in ample time to meet the situation which was developing. Perhaps it was well in the circumstances that this fact was not revealed. The whole patriotic sentiment of the country was roused, and the jingle was heard on a hundred platforms, "We want eight and we won't wait." The Admiralty, which had already determined upon its policy, remained silent and refused to hasten the construction of the ships. Quietly, but firmly, the Board resisted the pressure of public opinion, realizing that it, and it only, was in possession of all the facts. Secrecy is the basis of peace as well as war strategy. The naval authorities were unable to defend themselves by announcing that they were on the eve of obtaining a powerful weapon which could not be ready for the ships if they were laid down at once. By waiting the Navy would gain the most powerful gun in the world.

In order to keep pace with progress in Germany, it was necessary to lay down two of the eight ships in July, and be satisfied with the 12-inch gun for these units. The construction of the other six vessels was postponed in order that they might receive the new 13.5-inch gun, with a projectile of 1,400 lbs. Two of the Dreadnoughts were begun at Portsmouth and Devonport Dockyards in the following November, and the contracts for the remaining four were not placed until the spring, for the simple reason that the delivery of the new guns and mountings and their equipment could not be secured for the vessels, even if their hulls were started without a moment's delay. Thus we obtained six battleships which are still unique; in no other Navy is so powerful a gun to be found to-day as the British 13.5-inch weapon. In 1910 and in 1911 Mr. McKenna again fought for national safety, and he won the essential pro-

vision for the Fleet. He risked his all in defence of our sea power. He was probably during these years of struggle the most unpopular Minister the Liberal Party ever had. What has been the sequel of his tenacity and courage and patriotism? What has been gained owing to the bold front which Lord Fisher presented? Sixteen of the eighteen battleships and battle-cruisers of the Dreadnought type, the fifteen protected cruisers, and the sixty destroyers, with a group of submarines, which the Board over which Mr. McKenna presided secured, constituted the spear-head of the British Fleet when the crisis came, and war had to be declared against Germany in defence of our plighted word.

One more chapter in this story of the renaissance of British sea power has to be added, and then the spectacle is complete. In the autumn of 1911, over seven years after Lord Fisher had begun to shake the Navy into renewed life, encouraged Sir Percy Scott in his gunnery reforms, and brought to the Board the splendid intellect of Sir John Jellicoe, Mr. Winston Churchill replaced Mr. McKenna as First Lord. Thus the youngest statesman of the English-speaking world realized his ambition. Lord Fisher, under the age clause, had already been compelled to vacate his seat on the Board, retiring with a peerage, and his successor, Sir Arthur Wilson, was also on the eve of retirement. Mr. McKenna had to be freed to take over the Welsh Church Bill and to place his legal mind at the service of the country at the Home Office. He had done his work and done it well. Mr. Winston Churchill proved the ideal man to put the finishing touches to the great task which had been initiated during Lord Selborne's period of office. Perhaps the keynote of Mr. Churchill's administration is to be found in the attention which he devoted to the organization of the War

Staff, the elements of which had been created by former Boards, and the readjustment of the pay of officers and men. No service is efficient for war in which there exists a rankling feeling of injustice. The rates of pay of officers and men were revised and increased; facilities were opened up for men of the lower deck to reach commissioned rank. About 20,000 officers and men were added to the active service of the Fleet. At the same time with the ships provided by former Boards, the organization of the ships in Home waters was placed on a higher standard of efficiency. The Naval Air Service was established, and its development pressed forward with all speed. Thus the work of reform and the task of changing the front of the British Navy had been brought to completion, or virtual completion, by the moment that Germany by a concatenation of circumstances, was forced into a position where she had to fight the greatest of sea Powers, or admit the defeat of all her ambitions.

A study of the sequence of events which immediately preceded the outbreak of hostilities is hardly less interesting than the earlier and dramatic incidents which enabled us to face the supreme crisis in our history with a measure of assured confidence. On March 17th of the present year Mr. Churchill spoke in the House of Commons on the Navy Estimates. It is common knowledge that he had just fought a stern battle in the Cabinet for adequate supplies, owing to the policy of economy urged by a section of Liberal M.P.'s throughout the country, and it was assumed at the time, from various incidents, that he had been compelled to submit to some measure of retrenchment. A large section of the Liberal Party had been organized against him. He received, however, Cabinet authority to ask Parliament for the largest sum ever de-

voted to naval defence—£51,500,000. In the course of his speech on these Estimates he made the announcement that there would be no naval manœuvres this year. He stated :—

"We have decided to substitute this year for the grand manœuvres—not, of course, for the numberless exercises the Fleet is always carrying out—a general mobilization of the Third Fleet.¹ We are calling up the whole of the Royal Fleet Reserve for a period of eleven days, and those who come up for that period will be excused training next year, and will receive £1 bounty in addition to their regular pay. We have had a most admirable response. 10,170 men, seamen, and others, and 1,400 marines are required to man the ships of the Third Fleet. We have already, in the few days our circular has been out, received replies from 10,314 men volunteers, and from 3,321 marines. I think that reflects great credit on the spirit of the Reserve generally, and also reflects credit upon the employers, who must have generally facilitated this operation all over the country. I hereby extend to them the thanks of the Admiralty. This test is one of the most important that could possibly be made, and it is really surprising to me that it has never been undertaken before. The cost, including the bounty of £1, will be about £50,000. Having no grand manœuvres yields a saving of £230,000, so there is a net saving on the substitution of £180,000."

It was hardly surprising in the circumstances that many persons thought the Admiralty was bent merely upon economy. If the naval authorities had had foreknowledge of the course of events they could not, in fact, have adopted a wiser course. From March onwards, week by week down to the middle of July, the elaborate and complicated drafting arrangements were examined and readjusted. Then, after the assassination at Sarajevo and on

¹ The Third Fleet consists of the oldest ships of the Navy, usually maintained with only skeleton crews.

the eve of the final developments on the Continent, which were to make war inevitable, the test mobilization was carried out. The principal ships passed before the King off the Nab Lightship, a column of seaplanes and aeroplanes circling high above the ships, and then disappeared in the Channel to carry out what were believed to be peace exercises, but were, in fact, to prove the manœuvres preliminary to war. Later in the same week, from the cliffs above Dover, I watched the vessels of the patrol flotillas testing a new scheme for sealing this narrow exit to the North Sea.

A week afterwards the thunderbolt fell; the crisis found the First and Second Fleets ready in all respects for war, and, after additional reserves had been called out on Sunday, August 2, the Admiralty was able to give the nation a certificate that by 4 A.M. the following morning the British Navy had been raised from a peace footing to a war footing, and was fully mobilized. Immediately the curtain fell, hiding from view the movements of all British men-of-war not only in the main strategical theatre, but in the outer seas. Two battleships, which had just been completed for Turkey by those whom Mr. G. H. Perris had denounced only a short time before in his pamphlet as the "War Traders," were taken over by the Admiralty, proving valuable accessions to our naval strength. Two swift destroyer-leaders were also arbitrarily purchased from Chile, the appointment of Admiral Sir John Jellicoe as supreme British Admiral of the Home Fleets was announced, and all the preliminaries to the great war drama on the sea were completed without delay, confusion, or panic. The nation will remember in gratitude the courage and decision exhibited by Mr. Churchill in the hour of supreme crisis. He proved himself a Statesman.

We are incurably maritime because the United Kingdom is surrounded by water and the Empire rests on the sea. But no one, not even the most ardent disciple of the "blue water" school, has ever denied that we need two armies—one a professional army to act as the projectile of a fleet, to be shot forth at any target after command of the sea has been secured, and a home defence army to protect our hearths from raids by an enemy. The nation owes a debt of gratitude to those who, in and out of season, struggled to maintain our naval supremacy; it should also remember in gratitude the splendid service which Lord Haldane rendered in reorganizing our military forces. But for Lord Haldane's patriotic services as Secretary of State for War, the Army might have remained in the chaotic condition in which it emerged from the South African war. But for Lord Haldane's insight into British character and prophetic vision of the needs of the future, the Volunteers would have continued to be little better than a mob of amateur soldiers. When at the urgent request, so it has always been reported, of the late King Edward, Lord Haldane undertook the thankless task of reorganizing the military forces of the nation, he set about a service to the nation and the Empire, the advantages of which we reaped when the crisis came last month. The military authorities, thanks to the strenuous work carried forward during the years of peace, were able to face the emergency calmly and confidently. A few simple orders, and an Expeditionary Force was ready to be moved over sea directly the Navy could give guarantee of safe transport. Only a few months before, Field-Marshal Earl Roberts had declared "We have no Army." The Army which we had not got exercised, if we may believe French statements, no small influence on the course of military

events on the Continent of Europe. Lord Haldane must be regarded as the creator of the Territorial Force, a fully equipped voluntary Army for home defence. This organization on the eve of the war was described by a "Staff Officer," in a brochure which enjoyed considerable circulation, as "a sham" and "a farce." When war was declared, all the gibes and jeers were hushed, and nothing contributed more to the sense of security throughout the country than the ease with which this citizen force of a quarter of a million men was mobilized and placed on a war footing at full strength, thanks to the patriotism of officers and men who had completed their engagements but at once rejoined. The emergency which Lord Haldane had suggested in his famous reform speeches found England prepared.

Any nation, and particularly a maritime nation, if it decides to fight must fight with all its weapons, warlike and economic. In the history of the British people nothing is more consoling as an indication of courage and vitality and business method than the way in which the civil population were prepared in advance to support the naval and military forces. The groundwork of a war organization had been created, owing largely to the Prime Minister's foresight, at a time when men talked only of peace. What was the result? Before the declaration of war a number of precautionary measures were taken without causing panic or commotion by all the departments of State—the Admiralty, the War Office, the Treasury, the Home Office, the Board of Trade, the Post Office, the Board of Customs, and others. In less than a week from the first shock, which was calculated to produce panic in a great democracy living upon the sea, the commercial affairs in the great cities and towns of England began to resume their normal condition.

Without excitement or the slightest signs of confusion, every department of State took up its war burden, and without delay orders issued forth mobilizing the nation in support of its fighting arm. For the first time for a hundred years the British people were confronted with war by land and sea, and a war which in prospect had defied imagination in its probable horrors, and they remained undismayed.

The secret of our preparedness is to be traced to the patient labors of the Committee of Imperial Defence, its Sub-Committees, and its small permanent staff directed by Captain Maurice Hankey, C.B., the successor to Rear-Admiral Sir Charles Ottley, who laid the foundations of the organization which enabled us to face war in calm confidence.² This body has been the great advisory organization of the British Government in matters of defence, and has been responsible for the co-ordination of all our communal activity so as to render us fit to stand the strain of war. Two years ago Mr. Asquith, in a notable speech in the House of Commons, gave the nation some conception of the character of one aspect of the work which was then being quietly performed by this small body, unrecognized, though it is, in our Constitution, and regarded, as it has been since its birth, with no little suspicion and distrust. Mr. Asquith related that the Committee of Imperial Defence had appointed what was styled "a sub-committee for the co-ordination of departmental action at the outbreak of war." Describing this particular work of the Committee of Imperial Defence, Mr. Asquith added:—

"This sub-committee, which is composed of the principal permanent officials of the various Departments of State, has, after many months of con-

² It costs the country, so the Prime Minister has stated, very little more than £5,000 (a year) in salaries and expenses.

tinuous labor, compiled a War-Book. We call it a War-Book—and it is a book which definitely assigns to each Department—not merely the War Office and the Admiralty, but the Home Office, the Board of Trade, and every Department of the State—its responsibility for action under every head of war policy. The Departments themselves, in pursuance of the instructions given by the War-Book, have drafted all the proclamations, Orders in Council, letters, telegrams, notices, and so forth, which can be foreseen. Every possible provision has been made to avoid delay in setting in force the machinery in the unhappy event of war taking place. It has been thought necessary to make this Committee permanent in order that these war arrangements may be constantly kept up-to-date."

When the cataclysmic war did come, we were not unready. The War Book had been revised from month to month; it had only to be opened and action taken on the lines specified. It was only necessary for the various officials in the dozen or so Departments of State concerned to turn to the War Book and the proclamations, Orders in Council, letters and telegrams flowed forth as from automatic machines. Owing to this businesslike procedure, confidence was soon established, and the British people, convinced by decisive acts, that every conceivable eventuality had been foreseen and provided for, were able to reap all the blessings which sea power confers upon an island kingdom which is the nerve centre of a maritime Empire.

Within a few days of the declaration of war, Germany, by the influence of the British fleet-in-being, was divorced from the colonial possessions on which she had set such store; her shipping was captured or frightened off the seas; her oversea supplies of food and raw material—so essential to her economic health, and never more essential than when engaged in war—

were cut off. Though not a gun was fired on board a British battleship, nor a torpedo sent hissing from its tube, the influence of British sea power was immediately effective, in the absence of immediate challenge, sealing the North Sea, commanding, in association with the French Fleet, the Mediterranean, and holding dominion over all the ocean highways of the world. Within less than a week the British people were presented with an impressive picture of the silent pressure of sea power. As the British Army of nearly 400,000 men was placed on a war footing, and the Territorial Force, a quarter of a million strong, was embodied, not a word was heard of the peril of invasion. The nation had faith in the Fleet. As the Dominions turned to the task of preparing to support the Mother Country, they were embarrassed by no fear of aggression from over-seas. From end to end of the Empire it was realized in the hour of supreme crisis that we were a people who lived on and by the sea, and that we could do no other than place reliance on the squadrons and flotillas under the White Ensign.

No one can prophesy the course of future events, but in facing the stupendous issues which have to be de-

cided, we have at least the consoling satisfaction that, in spite of many obstacles thrust in its path of duty by idealists with their heads in the air and pacifists with their hands in their pockets, the nation was not caught unready when the great emergency arose. The arbitrament of war was forced upon us because the enemy had been led to believe that we were dominated by a school of thought he despised, and that when the crisis came we should sell our honor across the counter, so as to avoid a war which cannot pay. Before the struggle is over, everyone in these islands will assuredly realize the truth that battleships are cheaper than battles.

All men, irrespective of party, will pay homage to the man, above all others, whose keen foresight, cool judgment, and level-headedness contributed to enable us to face the blows of Fate with calm courage. Under the direction of Mr. Asquith the task of preparation was carried forward when most people believed peace was assured. Whatever the issue, the British people will never forget the services of the British Prime Minister, the leader of a great democratic party, who proved himself the greatest of all War Ministers the nation has ever honored.

The Fortnightly Review.

Archibald Hurd.

LIEGE AND THE LIEGEOIS.

There is a Walloon saying, "Les grands mäs fet rouvi les p'tits"—the great evils make one forget the little—which might be repeated as the sad consolation of Liège this autumn. For she has had more than her share of troubles, early and late, and the wonder is that with them all she has kept an individuality that neither coal-smoke nor siege-guns can kill. As for the Liégeois, they have a temperament only to be expressed in their own dia-

lect, and in the "Spots" or proverbs and "Cramignons" or songs still heard in the neighborhood. Out of these, with the town records, the Memoirs of Philip de Comines, and Sir Walter Scott's *Quentin Durward* to help, you get by degrees some real idea of this people, whose survival at all seems extraordinary, whose fate interests you the more because their existence has so often been threatened. And then you understand the feelings of those

who barely a month ago watched the Kaiser come and take the unfortunate city by the throat, and remembered all she had gone through in previous sieges.

There is a particular accent in the voice of a Liégeois when he speaks about Liège, and you will find a note to correspond and an intimate air even about its formal records. The Walloons, to begin with, are a race apart, direct heirs of the old Belgae, who gave the Roman Kaiser some trouble in his day, and to confuse them with the "Tixhons" or Flemings is like confusing Highlander with Lowlander, a mistake into which Scott fell in his novel. We shall come presently to the fierce episodes which he turned to account. The story of Liège begins some centuries earlier, and to understand it you should take it in the Liégeois manner, with the air of a "Cramignon" running in your head, such as "Wisgui, Wisga." A Cramignon, I should explain, is a very light-hearted offspring of Provençal song, which allows for any number of iterations and makes a great point of the refrain:

C'est pour un homm' de guerr' qui a
barbe au mentou,

Wisgon!

Et la pipe à la bouch', fumant comm'
un dragon!

(Refrain) *Wisgui, wisga,*
Mon père loriga,
Loriga fringa,
Et de la moustiga fringa.

In the next stanza we learn that the soldier is on a horse (which is *mignon* to suit the rhyme) and wears the *culott's rouges* of the French army. But this takes us too fast along the Liège road, and from its verses we must turn back to Bishop Notger, whom we might call the father of the city. It was he who gave to her the proverb: "Liège owes Notger to Christ and everything else to Notger." Otto the Great made him bishop in 971, and with him began the line of episcopal princes who ruled

Liège like autocrats, and more than once had to pay for it. For beside their religious hold on the commonalty, they too were infected with the fighting contagion of the Liégeois, and used the strong hand without scruple; and Notger gave them a bold lead.

In his day Immon, the seigneur and castellan of Chevremont, was the terror of the city and the country round, and feared neither God nor Church. It befell however that a son was born to him, and he sent for Notger to baptize the child; and the bishop came, attended by an imposing tail of monks and lay-clerks. But when they had entered the castle, at a word from Notger they threw off their cassocks and emerged men of steel in full armor to put to the sword all who resisted. Immon, adds the chronicler, was ruined "*à rez-terre*." But the bishops who deliver a city from a lord of thieves like Immon are apt to rule it like constables; and in truth the struggle between the bishops of Liège and the citizens, and between the big bourgeoisie and the little bourgeoisie, helped to keep the storm-cone flying all through the Middle Ages, with an occasional summer lull.

It was so with a vengeance in the years during which the Liégeois saw three peaces—the Peace of Bierset, the Peace of Huy, and the *Paix des Clercs*, 1253 to 1288—signed in quick succession. They bring us to the local strife of the *Citains*, or "Grands Bourgeois," with the *Serfs*, or "Petits Bourgeois." After many fierce passages the Little Bourgeois and the *Métiers* were victorious, and in 1313 a kind of city-state, with democratic institutions, was authentically put upon the roll.

It was a Bishop who gave Liège its charter of liberty, the famous "tribunal of peace," which held good for four centuries. The court, says Mr. Boulger, "sat in the Cathedral, the burgesses beside the Bishop, and dispensed

summary justice on all alike—only priests and princes being exempted from its jurisdiction." But we are forgetting the Bishop's tragedy associated with the name of William de la Marck, "the Wild Boar of the Ardennes," whose Castle of Algremont is still a landmark on the riverside not far away. It was this characteristic Liégeois memory that led Sir Walter Scott out of his French domain thither in *Quentin Durward*. He was a great juggler with history, as we know, and did not mind confessing how he did his casts back and tergiversations. The Bishop in question was Louis de Bourbon, who was not really murdered till 1482, whereas in the romance the event is carried back fifteen years, as Scott freely admits in his notes.

In the months of August and September in that year, that is 1482 [he writes], William de la Marck, called the Wild Boar of Ardennes, entered into a conspiracy with the discontented citizens of Liège against their Bishop, Louis of Bourbon, being aided with considerable sums of money by the King of France. By this means, and the assistance of many murderers and *banditti*, who thronged to him as to a leader befitting them, de la Marck assembled a body of troops whom he dressed in scarlet as a uniform, with a boar's head on the left sleeve. With this little army he approached the city of Liège. But so soon as they came in sight of the enemy the citizens, as before agreed, fled from the Bishop's banner, and he was left with his own handful of adherents. At this moment De la Marck charged at the head of his *banditti* with the expected success. The Bishop was brought before the profligate knight, who first cut him over the face, then murdered him with his own hand, and caused his body to be exposed naked in the great square of Liège before St. Lambert's Cathedral.

Even a Scott idolater must admit that Sir Walter, who had the art of interpreting the spirit of a place and

getting at the *genius loci*, especially when his home country gave the scene, hardly did full justice to Liège in his story, good as that story is. It was impossible for him to do so, since he had not learnt, as we have heard, to distinguish "Walloon" and "Tixhon," Walloon and Fleming. In the dramatic episode of the Bishop's murder, he makes his Wild Boar of the Ardennes, that "monumental beast," call the citizens "porkers of Liège" and "Flemish hogs." However, he did not mistake their temper, which, from the time of Charlemagne, has been marked by the two moods of the Walloon—wit and amiability with a touch of choler in times of peace; fierceness and courage to the death in times of war. Many episodes could be given from the Liège chronicle to prove this urbanity turned into a rage of resistance, which has been a surprise and a world's delight in this war. And as the old volumes of Philip de Comines are not very readily to be come by, we may take the final pages of Scott's novel for a siege-cartoon, to put aside that of the recent assault with all the enginery of the German army behind it. In both scenes we are tempted to feel as we watch that we are assisting at what might be called the murder of a city. It was a night affray, too, in the story.

Three o'clock had struck, when a noise like that of disturbed bees, mustering to defend their hive, was heard. Instead of the lazy murmur of the Meuse, it was really the feet of the unfortunate Liégeois advancing to a sally on the besieging host.

Scott, following De Comines, means us to be on the side of the besiegers; he has the terrible monster, William de la Marck, to despatch by his hero's hands, and he has to work out the revenge for the Bourbon Bishop's death; and he makes the French king speak of those "thick-heads of Liège," just as he made the "Wild Boar" call

them pigs. De Comines, however, leaves them with pity. "I must give," he says, "an account of the calamities of the wretched folk who fled out of the town, that I may confirm what I said before about the misfortunes and dreadful consequences that follow those who are defeated in battle, though it be king or prince, or any potentate whatever." He tells how they fled into the Ardennes, men and women and children, to be attacked there by a "gentleman of those parts," who wished to ingratiate himself with the conqueror.

The companion picture is that of yesterday, when another exodus of the Liégeois follows another siege. Mr. Dillon's account brings it home to us, just as De Comines' pages did formerly:

Some thirty thousand of its inhabitants fled from the place in terror when the enemy's guns began to shower shells upon the forts from Fléron. The remainder buried themselves in cellars and underground passages, scores huddling together without food, drink, or other of life's necessities. The city bears marks of havoc everywhere. There is not a street in which shells have not fallen. The very asphalte is ploughed up in places like a cornfield at sowing time. Hurriedly made graves with their soft mounds protrude in unexpected places. During the day the Germans are everywhere in evidence. They patrol the principal thoroughfares, stand at the barricades which they have raised at all the approaches to the town, or creep up towards the forts with remarkable recklessness. The inhabitants are cowed by the terrors that hang over them even if they obey strictly all the enemy's behests; and Liège is becoming a dumb, dismal place. At nightfall the city assumes the aspect of a churchyard. The silence is soul-curdling, yet the hearts of the inhabitants beat quicker and louder when that silence is broken by the heavy tread of the Prussian patrols or the

rending-thunder of heavy guns. All the doors still left have to be kept wide open. Early in the morning, when the bakers remove their bread from the ovens, German guards, who are posted wherever victuals are to be had, pounce down on the entire output of the bakeries, for which they probably pay, but the inhabitants have no share.¹

One cannot bear to leave the story there, just because it is hard to believe that the spirit of a city, and more than a man's, can be destroyed. The consolation comes, as it may over the recollection of the man, in looking over the signs of her vitality. There is a delightful old print of Liège at which it is a comfort to look in the day of war, for it shows her at peace as she was long after the desperate siege and the ruin wrought by Charles the Bold, and proves how recuperative she could be. The river Meuse, as in every other view of Liège, curls comfortably about her like a serpent; and her array of tall and narrow roofs at all angles, towers and spires, bridges and town walls, falls in this faded cartoon into a rich pattern, like a town painted in the bottom of a soup plate. A few barges sail on the river, and one is drawn by a horse with a man on his back, going so fast that one wonders what they will do when the towing path ends? For it breaks off abruptly not many yards away. The bridges in this picture have houses on them and are double or even treble-gated, and a strongly fortified line of churches, curtain-walls, and other buildings is marching uphill to the Chartreuse on top. As you examine the detail and the approaches and water exits of the town by the Pont Avray and the Pont des Arches, you realize what a place was older Liège for a bishop's princely progress or a day of street pageantry. The 14th of August, the Feast of the

¹ War Correspondence: "Daily Telegraph and Manchester Guardian."

Assumption, is a great day in Belgium, which has more Notre Dames in it, probably, than any other country; and Notre Dame de St. Rémy, which was not far from the Cathedral of St. Lambert, kept the tradition here. Her flower was the white clematis, and we cannot help speculating in what wrecked garden it was gathered this August, while the guns were still firing from the forts at Pontisse, Barchon and Evgnée.

But just as one is grown melancholy over Liège and her evil fate, some absurd song in which she made light of war will recur to you:

Il était un beau garçon
Qui était marchand d'oignons,
Comme il allait à Cambray
Pour y vendre des oignons,
(Refrain)

Et allons, ma tourtelourinette,
Et allons, ma tourtelourinon.

Comme il allait à Cambray,
Pour y vendre des oignons,
Quand il fut sur la montagne,
Qu'il entendit le canon.

(Refrain) *Et allons, etc.*

The effects of the cannon on the "beau garçon" are such and they are described with so Rabelaisian a gusto, that the rest is not quotable. The typical Liégeois song or "Cramignon" is merry and light-hearted—"the Liégeois," says the proverb, "makes you laugh, and not dream or doze!"—while the theme is usually the old one, love, and not war at all. But it is inevitable now to think of the one grim topic and to look in the ballad-book for its echoes. Here is another Liège ditty that tells a story as old as war itself:

Soldat qui revient de la guerre,
Hourra!

Un pied chaussé et l'autre nu;

Pauvre soldat, d'où reviens-tu?

(Refrain) *Hourra, hourra, hourra!*

Il y a de grand' guerre en France,
Hourra!

J'tuerai le père et les enfants,

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Puis je r'joindrai mon régiment.
(Refrain) *Hourra, etc.*

Several intervening verses are omitted, but the gist of them is the return of the soldier to find his sweetheart married to another man—a local variant of a ballad sung all over Europe. These lyric "Cramignons," and the "Spots" or proverbs, are the folk currency in which Liège has expressed all her moods and the wisdom of her fairs and market-days. A "Spot" is a word which seems to imply something ejaculated or spat out, and Dejardin's collection of them runs to some hundreds. A few of those bearing on war may be added: "On n'sâreut fer l'guerre sans toner des sodars"—one does not know how to make war without killing soldiers. In another, Liège speaks from bitter experience: "I fat esse èglome ou martai" (*Il faut être enclume ou martau*); and a phrase which has by use grown into a "Spot"—"Dipeu les viës guerres" (*Depuis les vieilles guerres*)—will have a new inflection after this year of 1914. "Li bon Diu n'est nin co moirt" (*Le bon Dieu n'est pas encore mort*) is a more reassuring word for us to keep at heart.

"On pourçal aime ml on stron qu'ine lé-moscade" (a pig loves an acorn better than a nutmeg), the last a favorite spice in the "gâteau des rois," a local delicacy, represents the other side of Liège. "C'est on baron del' poussire"—he is a baron of the dust—is an ironical "Spot"; and "Ni d'veur qu'as Wallons et as Tixhons" (*Ne devoir qu'aux Wallons et aux Flamands*) serves to tell how unwise it is to trust strange creditors; for "On n'sé wiss qui l'dial firé ses cöps"—one does not know where the devil keeps his *cöps* or *coups*. Two more "Spots" that touch the citizen's philosophy or his fears—There is no war, "qu'on n'aie vinou à n'pâle," out of which one does not come to peace at last, and "Save-tu: on tote les laids" (*Sauve-toi; on tue*

les laids) must close the Liégeois repertory so far as it can be given in a casual page.

But there is one story of the countryside that ought to be told when the fighting tradition is in question. It is as indispensable in the chronicle as the tale of the Bull of Cualgne in Irish lore, and it is known as the famous

"GUERRE DE LA VACHE DE CINEY"

A peasant of the Namur district, a man named Jallet, stole a cow at the cattle-fair of Ciney, and took it to a place called Andennes (between Liège and Huy). He was pursued; then, on agreeing to return the beast to Ciney, he was allowed to go by the baillie; but when he reached the baillie's district at Condroz he was seized and hanged. Out of this grew a feud, in which the Duke of Brabant and the Counts of Flanders, Namur, and Luxembourg took part; and Liège was threatened. The feud, in fact, blossomed into a war, and 20,000 folk, it is said, perished by reason of that one cow; and Philip le Roi had finally to intervene and make peace.

This affair, which is well told at greater length by G. W. Omund in his book on *Liege and the Ardennes* is actual history, with a dash of extravagance; and another episode reminds us that some such nicknames in Liège are as old as the Thirty Years' War—for instance, the Chiroux and the Grignoux. Three hundred young men of the high bourgeoisie formed themselves at that time into a band under vows to defend the Catholic Faith and serve the prince; and an old fellow of the town, struck by their white *gorgerettes* and sombre-colored *culottes*, dubbed them *Chironx*, which means a swallow. The name stuck and survived the band. The Grignoux got their name in turn as being *mutins* and impudent. They were the democracy, and from 1631 to 1636 they were kept very busy in holding their own and evolving under difficulties that noble thing, the liberty of a city-state,

the individuality of a townsfolk. The individuality remains, though, even before this war came, the antiquity of Liège had been driven out of most of her streets, thanks to her many sieges. In one she lost all her town-walls, in another almost every precious bit of architecture she had besides the religious houses and buildings, while the French Revolution did something to spoil the churches that Charles the Bold had left. As for the Belgian Revolution of 1830, although the Dutch held the citadel and the outliers of the town, I am not quite sure how far the town itself suffered; but it is certain some chimneys and door-handles were knocked off. She did not suffer personally in the Franco-Prussian war, but after the battle of Sedan, in 1870, she saw the wounded carried to hospital. At Bouillon the *Place* was crowded then with distracted fugitives, and M. Lemonnier describes how behind the "white blinds of one house, the Hôtel de la Poste, a restless shadow moved about all the night through"—the Emperor Napoleon the Third.

As one turns over the whole roll, from Notger's time to ours, it is to feel an extraordinary sympathy with Liège, which has been a bishop's stronghold, a city-state, a republic (for in 1793 the République Liégeoise was federated with the French Republic); which has lost, in the struggle to hold her own, her cathedral and nearly all those famous older houses and domestic buildings that once gave her streets color and architectural distinction. But her own individuality as a place in the world, with a tongue, a dialect, a wit of her own, she has never lost; and the world and the providence of cities will see to it, when the reckoning comes, that Liège is paid in full for what she has undergone in one of the greatest defences in history. Her own chronicler, Henaux, showed what

he thought of the city, the province and the people, when he ended his record forty years ago with the words:

The Nineteenth Century and After.

"Liégeois of the country of Liège,
never forget that you have been a free
people."

Ernest Rhys.

BELOW STAIRS.

BY MRS. ALFRED SIDGWICK,

Author of The Severins, The Staying Guest, Etc.

CHAPTER XVII.

The silence only lasted a moment and then Fräulein turned on Priscilla with thin, viperish fury. Her hands were working nervously, and though her voice came muffled from her choking throat, it came with inflections of hatred and contempt.

"What are you doing here?" she began.

"I came up with Mr. Digby's supper," said Priscilla, her fingers fumbling with the hooks and loops of her borrowed finery. She spoke sullenly, but that was because Fräulein had spoken to her as if she was an offensive dog.

"You hid yourself there to listen." Fräulein's accusing hands pointed with a swift gesture to the powdering-closet.

"You—a servant—you are jealous—you are in love."

Priscilla blushed scarlet.

"I never went there to listen," she protested. "How could I know you were coming? I thought you were dancing downstairs."

"Impudent girl—dressed up in Mrs. Villiers' gown. Take it off instantly."

"I'm getting it off as quickly as I can," said Priscilla, still struggling with the difficult small hooks and eyes.

"I never saw anything so disgraceful in my life! If Mrs. Villiers knew you had worn her gown she would throw it in the fire."

"I haven't hurt it," said Priscilla, emerging from her lace and ninon, a little workaday woman in a plain, rather short, black frock. She knew

that she had been caught red-handed and was wondering already what the upshot would be.

"Give it to me," commanded Fräulein, speaking in the same violent tone and tearing the delicate gown out of Priscilla's hands. "Go down to the kitchen and stay where you belong."

"I'll come with you," said Mr. Digby. "I belong there too."

"I see—I see," cried Fräulein, with a new access of temper. "You knew she was there."

"He did not," asserted Priscilla bluntly.

"What is your word worth?"

"Tell her I'm speaking the truth," cried Priscilla.

"Certainly, you are speaking the truth," said Mr. Digby, with his air of quiet, ironical disdain, and as if he not unnaturally wished to wash his hands of both women, he turned from them and left the room.

"How dare you say such a thing?" exclaimed Priscilla, when he had gone. She was angry now, and her anger cast out fear. "As if he would! But you don't care what you say, and I'd be ashamed to have your thoughts—if I am only a servant."

Then she fled before the livid fury of Fräulein's face and the dismissing gesture of her arm. The supper tray with its untasted food she left behind her, and next morning, when she went into the room to draw up the blinds, it brought back a scene that by the light of day seemed overcharged and monstrous. Yet she knew it had happened

as she remembered it, and before the morning went she was to feel its consequences. At twelve o'clock Meadows brought her summons to the morning-room. Mrs. Brinton wished to speak to her.

Priscilla went rather white, Meadows observed, but showed no surprise. She put on a clean apron, saw that her cap was tidy and went upstairs. Ten minutes later Jane, who was in Priscilla's confidence and had heard of the unwonted summons, met her on the back stairs. There was no need to ask what had happened: Priscilla's face and brimming eyes told her.

"Come up to our room," said Jane, and put her arm round her friend.

"If you go I go too," she said staunchly. "We'll get a place together—where there ain't no schoolroom nor no nursery. They always make trouble."

"But I'm to go at once—this afternoon," moaned Priscilla.

Jane bristled.

"What for?" she asked, and then listened to Priscilla's narrative.

She hadn't had a chance, she said. Fräulein had sat there all the time while Mrs. Brinton had questioned her; and she could not deny that she had been in the powdering-closet, with the light turned on and dressed up in Mrs. Villiers' gown.

"You know how it come about, Jane," wept Priscilla, "and of course it was silly, and I wish I'd never seen the ole gown; but it wasn't what they make out."

"What do they make out?"

"I hardly know. Mrs. Brinton is very abrupt when she is annoyed. 'Were you there?' she says, and I answered: 'Yes, I was, but—' And then she holds up her hand and says she doesn't want any buts. The facts speak for themselves, and they're disgraceful, and have I any friends in London who'll take me in, and if not

she'll pay my fare home to Daneswick. Then I said, 'What about my character?' And she said she'd have to tell the truth about what parted us, because she didn't hold with deceiving employers, and then—"

Priscilla's tears impeded her speech when she came to the crux of the interview from which she had retired worsted and forlorn.

"Then I up and told the truth," she blurted out, when she could find a voice.

"I was hopin' you would," said Jane. "It didn't do me no good."

"How did you put it?"

"That Fräulein she sat there like an image, as yellow as wax and as evil as an 'eathen god and never spoke, and so I turned to her and I said, 'You'd never have known I was there if I hadn't run out when you took a knife to Mr. Digby.' And she threw up her hands with a gasp, and Mrs. Brinton got more abrupt than ever and called me a wicked, eavesdropping girl, and I was to leave the room at once and the house as soon as I could pack my trunks. You see Fräulein has got hold of her somehow, whether she's told the truth or hidden it."

Jane felt nonplussed and considered the position serious.

"Has she paid you?" she asked.

"Yes. She's treated me fair enough that way. Paid me my month. But she'll never speak fair for me. I could see that plain."

The kitchen dinner became a debate on Priscilla's affairs, and bit by bit the details of last night's events leaked out amidst astonished exclamations. The facts as related by Priscilla spoke for themselves, but not as they spoke upstairs.

"You should have kept quiet and let Mr. Digby get the knife away 'imself," said Mrs. Enfield sensibly. "A man doesn't want a girl like you defending him."

"Who were the cowards at Llansumdwy?" asked Meadows. "Not the women. I think Priscilla showed her grit."

"But she is a horror, your Prusienne," said Marie. "It is not gay . . . a knife . . . for this poor Monsieur Digby . . . so quiet, so *comme il faut*."

"Well, good-bye, all," said Priscilla, pushing back her chair suddenly. "I'm off."

Her four companions rose with her, the young ones hastily, Mrs. Enfield with leisurely decision.

"Meadows," she said, "jest run up and ask Mrs. Brinton to see me a moment."

The others looked at her inquiringly. "I'm goin' to ask 'er 'oo's goin' to cook the veges and wash-up," she said; and when she had allowed time enough for the delivery of her message she waddled upstairs. Jane and Priscilla waited anxiously for her reappearance, but the moment she entered the kitchen they saw that she had not brought good news.

"She says it's either Fräulein or Priscilla," she told them at once. "Fräulein has said she would not stay twenty-four hours in the house with Priscilla. I couldn't say Fräulein had better do the veges and wash-up, because she'd be down here in a twinkling, and I'd never get her out again. I spoke up for you, Priscilla. I said we all liked you and wanted you to stay, so she arsked me if we all liked the way you had beyaved last night."

"What did you say?"

"I said we liked some of it. We admired your pluck. 'Oh! you believe that silly, wicked story,' ses she. 'That's what makes it so bad. That's why I insist on her goin' at once.' 'Why don't you arsk Mr. Digby if it's true? I made so bold then, but I only set 'er back up. 'Arsk Mr. Digby

whether a lady had lied and a kitchen-maid spoken the truth!' she ses, in 'er abrupt way. 'I could not trouble 'im about the matter. I wish the girl to go, and there's an end of it. It is quite sufficient for me that she was wearing Mrs. Villiers' gown and eaves-droppin' in the powderin'-closet. The other part of the story does not interest me.' Then she ses: 'That will do, Enfield.' And I came away. In another minnit I'd have given 'er notice myself."

"But it ain't fair," said Jane. "She ought to believe the truth."

"Well . . . I got the sack anyway," said Priscilla, trying to speak gaily. "I'm a lady at large. Sorry to leave you all."

They were sorry to let her go, they said; and it would serve She right if they left in a bunch as a protest. They stood round Priscilla, their work undone, condoling with her and giving her advice. If she could get a place without applying here for a character it would show spirit, and perhaps be as well. A spiteful character was worse for a girl than none at all, and Mrs. Spark would speak for Priscilla; and as Priscilla meant to take shelter there . . . Mrs. Enfield agreed that Canonbury Square was better than Tinker's Green, since Priscilla wished to stay in London.

"We'll meet on Sundays," said Jane, when Priscilla's trunk was packed and it came to saying good-bye. The two girls cried bitterly at parting.

"When I'm married you'll come and see me Sundays," Jane reminded her friend. "If you'd take Ern we'd live near each other out Hornsey way."

"We'd have dear little houses next door to each other with white lace curtains and geraniums in the window," said Priscilla. "But I'll never marry Ern. Seeln' I'm sure of it, p'raps I never ought to go near them."

"Are you sure of it?"

Priscilla nodded.

"I love him dearly," she said, "but not that way. When I read the Marriage Service and think of standin' up and saying those things to little, freckly Ern, I laugh."

Jane said it seemed a pity to throw away such a good chance of a home, and that the day might come when Priscilla regretted it. At the same time she herself wouldn't go to church with a man she didn't respect. Priscilla tried to explain. She did respect Ern's inner man, his nature, his deeds. If only he had been a little more muscular.

"You'll have a cup o' tea before you go," said Jane, interrupting. A church clock struck four and reminded her that the afternoon was waning and that she had extra work to do that day. At least she supposed she would have to wait on the schoolroom till a new tweeny was found.

"I shall hate it," she said.

Priscilla's eyes were uncomfortably full of tears as she ascended the area steps of the house in the Square for the last time. She had been happy there, and had been on pleasant terms with everyone except Fräulein, and had found her first close friend in Jane. She wandered through the streets leading to Gower Street Station, thinking more of these things than of her direction, and took a wrong turning that led into Gardenia Street. Her trunk was coming to Canonbury Square by carrier, and she only had a small parcel in her hands.

"What's the matter with you?" said someone meeting her, and she looked up to see Polly Spiller in her usual conspicuous get-up, in a good humor, rough, ready and out for enjoyment.

"There's nothin' the matter," said Priscilla coldly.

"Got the chuck?" Polly was eyeing the brown-paper parcel in Priscilla's hands.

Priscilla fenced and evaded and tried to part from Polly. But Polly was not easily put off when her curiosity was roused. She walked to the station beside Priscilla, and wormed something out of her, but not all. There had been a rumpus, and now there would have to be a search for a new place. Meanwhile a little visit to Canonbury Square would be restful and entertaining. No bemoaning of her fate to Polly Spiller, and no intimate revelation in which other people were concerned. Priscilla had some of the instincts of good breeding, mothered as she was by Mrs. Day. She would say what she must, but not a word more.

"We want a housemaid at our place," said Polly. "Wonder if you'd do."

"I don't fancy a boardin'-house," said Priscilla.

"I'm not in a boardin'-house. I've left twenty-seven, I'm at eighteen now, a private house: two in family and three kept. The question is, are you smart enough? You'd have to buck up and fly round. The place suits me. They keep a lot o' company, but I like that. I've had champagne for supper three times this week."

Priscilla hesitated. She could not imagine that she would get on as Polly Spiller's fellow-servant.

"What are you there?" she asked.

"Parlormaid. I carve at dinner at a side table. You'd have to help me wait. Can you wait?"

"I s'pose I could learn as well as anyone else," said Priscilla, wondering what turn the wheel of life would take next. That Polly Spiller should have gone ahead of her and be wondering if she was smart enough, and whether she could wait!

"Oh! I could teach you," said Polly loftily. "I'm an excellent waitress."

Priscilla said she would remember that the number was eighteen, and

would think it over and write to-morrow. Would the lady want a character, or would she take her on Polly's recommendation?

"She isn't one of your pruin', pertickler ones," said Polly. "She's free an' easy 'erself. My word! she makes the money fly, and they quarrel awful. But that don't matter to me 'long as I get the champagne."

Priscilla said again that she would think of it, and felt determined not to go. She was particular herself and did not want to live with any kind of people. It sometimes seemed like a century since she had landed in London, a little, ignorant, friendless servant girl, and had been ill-treated by the Stokers. She must tell Gertie that she had left Museum Square. Gertie might know of a place.

"You!" said Mrs. Spark, opening the door herself half-an-hour later. "But it isn't a Tuesday."

"No," said Priscilla; "it's a Thursday. Can you let me a bedroom for a few days, Mrs. Spark?"

Mrs. Spark's shrewd glance had seen two things she was not used to see when Priscilla came to the house—a parcel under her arm, and the marks of recent tears on her face.

"Come in," she said, and led the girl downstairs to the basement kitchen. It was a busy hour in the house, when all the city gentlemen had just come home, or would be home directly, as hungry as hunters, said Mrs. Spark, and as thirsty as if the city was the African desert. The kitchen was a scene of warmth, clatter and bustle. Whether they called it dinner or supper it wanted cooking and serving, except for a poor young man high up who could only afford an egg and a cup of tea.

"Sometimes when Mr. Billman has a pound of sausages I nick a little one and send it up with the egg," said Mrs. Spark, who was turning sausages in a

pan. "The poor chap isn't much older than Ern, and if it's stealin', my conscience'll bear it. He's going to have one o' these to-night. Now, Susie, quick with those potatoes; and then run up and lay Mr. Billman's cloth. There's everything ready on that tray.

"Susie's a good enough girl, but inquisitive," Mrs. Spark went on, when her handmaid had departed with the tray. "Yes, my dear, those slices want toastin', and you can do them. And now tell me why you've been cryin', and what brings you here."

"We had a weddin' at our place yesterday," began Priscilla.

"Yes. I remember."

"And at night, when they were all dancin' downstairs, I carried Mr. Digby's supper up to the schoolroom."

"Who is Mr. Digby?"

"He's that gentleman cook me and Ern can't agree about. Ern says if he's a cook he isn't a gentleman, and I say he is."

"Well, you know 'im, and Ern doesn't. What next?"

"There's a little room openin' out of the schoolroom they call the powderin'-closet, and it was full of the bride's wedding clothes."

"What they call it that for?"

"Dunno. It has a little window place with a curtain, and you can see into the schoolroom. Well, I got lookin' at Miss Adair's things, and I dressed myself up in a lace gown."

"Done it myself orfen," commented Mrs. Spark. "But it's risky."

"Then all of a sudden they come upstairs."

"Who?"

"Mr. Digby and Fräulein."

The sausages were done, and Mrs. Spark was arranging them neatly (all but one) on Priscilla's big square of toast. Susie came to and fro, taking things upstairs and bringing empty trays down.

"What's Fräulein like to look at?"

asked Mrs. Spark, during one of Susie's absences.

"An image," said Priscilla. "Her mouth looks as if it was full of plums and wouldn't shut; and her eyes go up like a dyin' duck's; and her hair is niggerish, and so is her skin; and she's fat and sloppy."

"Sounds attractive," said Mrs. Spark. "But we don't make ourselves, Priscilla, and some of us are ugly and some of us aren't, and those who aren't should be thankful but not stuck up."

Mrs. Spark had never spoken as sharply as this to Priscilla before, and the girl wondered at once whether anyone had been telling Ern's devoted mother that he was finding his freckles and his stature obstacles in the course of love.

"Ugly or pretty we can behave ourselves," Priscilla said sententiously "I wouldn't carry on like Fräulein if there was one man in the world and I wanted him. I'd be ashamed."

"How did she carry on?" asked Mrs. Spark, who was now engaged in grilling a steak for the ground floor.

"Shameful," was Priscilla's verdict. She did not go into particulars, but when the steak had been turned and she had Mrs. Spark's ear again, she said:

"I rushed out of the powderin'-closet because she snatched up a knife and went for him."

It is greatly to Mrs. Spark's credit that the steak was done to a turn, although Priscilla's story was

(To be continued.)

THE LIGHTER SIDE OF SCHOOL LIFE.

BY IAN HAY.

III.

SOME FORM-MASTERS.

I. THE NOVICE.

Arthur Robinson, B.A., late Exhibitioner of St. Crispin's College, Cambridge, having obtained a First Class,

taking such lurid and amazing colors.

"It's Fräulein she ought to have chucked," she said, when she had heard the whole of it.

"So I come straight here," ended Priscilla. "I can get a better place bein' in London than writhin' from home, especially if there's goin' to be a hitch about my character. You'd speak for me, wouldn't you, Mrs. Spark?"

"I would if it was any use," said Mrs. Spark. Her manner puzzled Priscilla and almost made her uneasy.

"Sure you've room for me?" she asked.

"You can 'ave the little bed in my room while you stay," said Mrs. Spark, and she spoke, Priscilla thought, unwillingly.

"Don't you want me?" cried the girl, springing to her feet. "What's the matter?"

"Well," said Mrs. Spark deliberately, "it's like this. Sit down, my dear. You'll stay to-night anyway, and we'll see about to-morrow. I want you if you're goin' to be nice to Ern, but I've seen 'im 'eartbroken once and I don't wish it to occur again. 'E says he can't get a yes out of you."

"Why can't we all jest be friends?" asked Priscilla, her lip quivering. "Have I got to give you up or else marry Ern, Mrs. Spark?"

At that moment both women heard Ern's step on the stairs. They looked at each other as he entered the kitchen.

Division Three, in the Classical Tripos, came down from the University at the end of his third year and decided to devote his life to the instruction of youth.

In order to gratify this ambition as

speedily as possible, he applied to a scholastic agency for an appointment. He was immediately furnished with type-written notices of some thirty or forty. Almost one and all, they were for schools which he had never heard of; but the post in every case was one which the Agency could unreservedly recommend. At the foot of each notice was typed a strongly-worded appeal to him to write to the Headmaster, explaining first and foremost that he had *heard of this vacancy through our Agency*. After that he was to state his *degree (if any); if a member of the Church of England; if willing to participate in School games; if musical*; and so on. He was advised, if he thought it desirable, to enclose a photograph of himself.

A further sheaf of such notices reached him every morning for about two months; but as none of them offered him more than a hundred-and-twenty pounds a-year, and most of them a good deal less, Arthur Robinson, who was a sensible young man, resisted the temptation, overpowering to most of us, of seizing the very first opportunity of earning a salary, however small, simply because he had never earned anything before, and allowed the notices to accumulate upon one end of his mantelpiece.

Finally he had recourse to his old College tutor, who advised him of a vacancy at Eaglescliffe, a great public school in the west of England, and by a timely private note to the Headmaster secured his appointment.

Next morning Arthur Robinson received from the directorate of the scholastic agency—the existence of which he had almost forgotten—a rapturous letter of congratulation, reminding him that the Agency had sent him notice of the vacancy upon a specified date, and delicately intimating that their commission of five per cent upon the first year's salary

was payable on appointment. Arthur, who had long since given up the task of boasting the Agency's morning tide of desirable vacancies, mournfully investigated the heap upon the mantelpiece, and found that the facts were as stated. There lay the notice, sandwiched between a document relating to the advantages to be derived from joining the staff of a private school in North Wales, where material prosperity was guaranteed by a salary of eighty pounds per annum and social success by the prospect of meat-tea with the Principal and his family; and another, in which a clergyman (retired) required a thoughtful and energetic assistant (one hundred pounds a-year, non-resident) to aid him in the management of a small but select seminary for backward and epileptic boys.

Arthur laid the matter before his tutor, who informed him that he must pay up, and be a little less casual in his habits in future. He therefore wrote a reluctant cheque for ten pounds; and having thus painfully imbibed the first lesson that a schoolmaster must learn—namely, the importance of attending to details—departed to take up his appointment at Eaglescliffe.

He arrived the day before term began, to find that lodgings had been apportioned to him at a house in the village, half a mile from the School. His first evening was spent in making the place habitable. That is to say, he removed a number of portraits of his landlady's relatives from the walls and mantelpiece, and stored them, together with a collection of Early Victorian heirlooms—wool-mats and prism-laden glass vases—in a cupboard under the window-seat. In their place he set up fresh gods: innumerable signed photographs of young men, some in frames, some in rows along convenient ledges, others bunched together in a sort of

wire entanglement much in vogue among the undergraduates of that time. Some of these photographs were mounted upon light-blue mounts, and these were placed in the most conspicuous position. Upon the walls he hung a collection of framed groups of more young men, with bare knees and severe expressions, in some of which Arthur Robinson himself figured.

After that, having written to his mother and a girl in South Kensington, he walked up the hill in the darkness to the Schoolhouse, where he was to be received in audience by the Head.

The great man was sitting at ease before his study fire, and exhibited unmistakable signs of recent slumber.

"I want you to take Remove B, Robinson," he said. "They are a mixed lot. About a quarter of them are infant prodigies—Foundation Scholars—who make this form their starting-point for higher things; and the remainder are centenarians, who regard Remove B as a sort of scholastic Chelsea Hospital, and are fully prepared to end their days there. Stir 'em up, and don't let them intimidate the small boys into a low standard of work. Their subjects this term will be *Cicero de Senectute* and the *Alcestis*, without choruses. Have you any theories about the teaching of bòys?"

"None whatever," replied Arthur Robinson frankly.

"Good! There is only one way to teach boys. Keep them in order: don't let them play the fool or go to sleep; and they will be so bored that they will work like niggers merely to pass the time. That's education in a nutshell. Good-night!"

Next morning Arthur Robinson invested himself in an extremely new B.A. gown, which seemed very long and voluminous after the tattered and attenuated garment which he had worn at Cambridge—usually twisted into a muffler round his neck—and walked up

to School. (It was the last time he ever walked: thereafter, for many years, he left five minutes later, and ran.) Timidly he entered the Common Room. It was full of masters, some twenty or thirty of them, old, young, and middle-aged. As many as possible were grouped round the fire—not in the orderly, elegant fashion of grown-up persons; but packed together right inside the fender, with their backs against the mantelpiece. Nearly every one was talking, and hardly any one was listening to any one else. Two or three—portentously solemn elderly men—were conferring darkly together in a corner. Others were sitting upon the table or the arms of chairs, reading newspapers, mostly aloud. No one took the slightest notice of Arthur Robinson, who accordingly sidled into an unoccupied corner and embarked upon a self-conscious study of last term's time-table.

"I hear they have finished the new Squash Courts," announced a big man who was almost sitting upon the fire. "Take you on this afternoon, Jacker?"

"Have you got a court?" inquired the gentleman addressed.

"Not yet, but I will. Who is head of Games this term?"

"Etherington major, I think."

"Good Lord! He can hardly read or write, much less manage anything. I wonder why boys always make a point of electing congenital idiots to their responsible offices. Warwick, isn't old Etherington in your House?"

"He is," replied Warwick, looking up from a newspaper.

"Just tell him I want a Squash Court this afternoon, will you?"

"I am not a District Messenger Boy," replied Mr. Warwick coldly. Then he turned upon a colleague who was attempting to read his newspaper over his shoulder.

"Andrews," he said, "if you wish to read this newspaper I shall be happy

to hand it over to you. If not, I shall be grateful if you will refrain from masticating your surplus breakfast in my right ear."

Mr. Andrews, scarlet with indignation, moved huffily away, and the conversation continued.

"I doubt if you will get a court, Dumaresq," said another voice—a mild one. "I asked for one after breakfast, and Etherington said they were all bagged."

"Well, I call that the limit!" belched that single-minded egotist, Mr. Dumaresq.

"After all," drawled a supercilious man sprawling across a chair, "the courts were built for the boys, weren't they?"

"They may have been built for the boys," retorted Dumaresq with heat, "but they were more than half paid for by the masters. So put that in your pipe, friend Wellings, and—"

"Your trousers are beginning to smoke," interpolated Wellings calmly. "You had better come out of the fender for a bit and let me in."

So the babble went on. To Arthur Robinson, still nervously perusing the time-table, it all sounded like an echo of the talk which had prevailed in the Pupil Room at his own school barely five years ago.

Presently a fresh-faced elderly man crossed the room and tapped him on the shoulder.

"You must be Robinson," he said. "My name is Pollard, also of St. Crispin's. Come and dine with me tonight, and tell me how the old College is getting on."

The ice broken, the grateful Arthur was introduced to some of his colleagues, including the Olympian Dumaresq, the sarcastic Wellings, and the peppery Warwick. Next moment a bell began to ring upon the other side of the quadrangle, as there was a general move for the door.

Outside, Arthur Robinson encountered the Head.

"Good morning, Mr. Robinson!" (It was a little affectation of the Head's to address his colleagues as "Mr." when in cap and gown: at other times his keynote was informal bonhomie.) "Have you your form-room key?"

"Yes, I have."

"In that case I will introduce you to your flock."

At the end of the Cloisters, outside the locked door of Remove B, lounged some thirty young gentlemen. At the sight of the Head these ceased to lounge, and came to an attitude of uneasy attention.

The door being opened, all filed demurely in and took their seats, looking virtuously down their noses. The Head addressed the intensely respectable audience before him.

"This is Mr. Robinson," he said gruffly. "Do what you can for him."

He nodded abruptly to Robinson, and left the room.

As the door closed, the angel faces of Remove B relaxed.

"A-a-a-a-ah!" said everybody, with a sigh of intense relief.

Let us follow the example of the Head, and leave Arthur Robinson, for the present, to struggle in deep and unfathomed waters.

II. THE EXPERTS.

Mr. Dumaresq was reputed to be the hardest slave-driver in Eaglescliffe. His eyes were cold and china blue, and his voice was like the neighing of a war-horse. He disapproved of the system of locked form-rooms—it wasted at least forty seconds, he said, getting the boys in—so he made his head boy keep the key and open the door the moment the clock struck.

Consequently, when upon this particular morning Mr. Dumaresq stormed into his room, every boy was sitting at his desk.

"Greek Prose scraps!" he roared, while still ten yards from the door.

Instantly each boy seized a sheet of school paper, and having torn it into four pieces selected one of the pieces and waited, pen in hand.

"*If you do this,*" announced Mr. Dumaresq truculently, as he swung into the doorway, "*you will be wise.*"

Every boy began to scribble madly.

"*If you do not do this,*" continued Mr. Dumaresq, "*you will not be wise.* *If you were to do this, you would be wise.* *If you were not to do this, you would not be wise.* *If you had done this, you would have been wise.* *If you had not done this, you would not have been wise.* Collect!"

The head boy sprang to his feet, and feverishly dragging the scraps from under the hands of his panting colleagues, laid them on the master's desk. Like lightning Mr. Dumaresq looked them over.

"Seven of you still ignorant of the construction of the simplest conditional sentence!" he bellowed. "Come in this afternoon!"

He tossed the papers back to the head boy. Seven of them bore blue crosses, indicating an error. There may have been more than one mistake in the paper, but one was always enough for Mr. Dumaresq.

"Now sit close!" he commanded.

"Sitting close" meant leaving comparatively comfortable and secluded desks, and crowding in a congested mass round the blackboard, in such wise that no eye could rove or mouth gape without instant detection.

"*Viva voce Latin Elegiacs!*" announced Mr. Dumaresq, with enormous enthusiasm. He declaimed the opening couplet of an English lyric. "Now throw that into Latin form. Adamson, I'm speaking to Y O U ! Yes, that made you jump! Don't sit mooning there, gaper! Think! Think!"

Come, lasses and lads, get leave of your dads—

Come on, man, come on!

—And away to the maypole hie!

Say something! Wake up! How are you going to get over 'maypole'? No maypoles in Rome. Tell him, somebody! 'Saturnalia'—not bad. (Crabtree, stand up on the bench, and look at me, not your boots.) Why won't 'Saturnalia' do? Will it scan? *Think!* Come along, come *along!*"

In this fashion he hounded his dazed pupils through couplet after couplet, until the task was finished. Then, dashing at the blackboard, he obliterated the result of an hour's labor with a sweep of the duster.

"Now go to your desks and write out a fair copy," he roared savagely.

So effective were Mr. Dumaresq's methods of inculcation that eighteen out of his thirty boys succeeded in producing flawless fair copies. The residue were ferociously bidden to an "extra" after dinner. Mr. Dumaresq's "extras" were famous. He held at least one every day, not infrequently for the whole term. He possessed the one priceless attribute of the teacher: he never spared himself. Other masters would set impositions or give a boy the lesson to write out: Dumaresq, denying himself cricket or squash, would come into his form-room and wrestle with perspiring defaulters all during a hot afternoon until the task was well and truly done. Boys learned more from him in one term than from any other master in a year; but their days were but labor and sorrow. During the previous term a certain particularly backward member of his form had incurred some damage—to wit, a fractured collar-bone—during the course of a house-match. The pain was considerable, and when dragged from the scrummage he was in a half-fainting condition. He revived as he was being carried to the Sanatorium.

"What's up?" he inquired mistily.

"Broken neck, inflammation of the lungs, ringworm, and chronic leprosy, old son," announced one of his bearers promptly. "You are going to the San."

"Good egg!" replied the injured warrior. "I shall get off Dummy's extra after tea!"

Then, with a contented sigh, he returned to a state of coma.

By way of contrast, Mr. Cayley.

As Mr. Cayley approached his form-room, which lay round a quiet corner, he was made aware of the presence of his pupils by sounds of tumult; but being slightly deaf, took no particular note of the fact. Presently he found himself engulfed in a wave of boys, each of whom insisted upon shaking him by the hand. Some of them did so several times, but Mr. Cayley, whom increasing years had rendered a trifle dim-sighted, did not observe this. Cheerful greetings fell pleasantly but confusedly upon his ears.

"How do you do, sir? Welcome back to another term of labor, sir! Very well, no thank you! Stop shoving, there! Don't you see you are molesting Mr. Methuselah Cayley, M.A.? Permit me to open the door for you, sir! Now then, all together! Use your feet a bit more in the scrum!"

By this time the humorist of the party had possessed himself of the key of the door; but having previously stopped up the keyhole with paper, was experiencing some difficulty in inserting the key into the lock.

"Make haste, Woolley," said Mr. Cayley gently.

"I fear the porter has inserted some obstruction into the interstices of the aperture, sir," explained Master Woolley, in a loud and respectful voice. "He bungs up the hole in the holidays—to keep the bugs from getting in," he added less audibly.

"What was that, Woolley?" asked

Mr. Cayley, thinking he had not heard aright.

Master Woolley entered with relish upon one of the standard pastimes of the Upper Fourth.

"I said some good tugs would get us in, sir," he replied, raising his voice, and pulling paper out of the lock with a buttonhook.

Mr. Cayley, who knew that his ears were as untrustworthy as his eyes, but fondly imagined that his secret was his own, now entered his form-room upon the crest of a boisterous wave composed of his pupils; who, having deposited their preceptor upon his rostrum, settled down in their places with much rattling of desks and banging of books.

Mr. Cayley next proceeded to call for silence, and when he thought he had succeeded, said—

"As our new Latin subject books have not yet been distributed, I shall set you a short passage of unprepared translation this morning."

"Would it not be advisable, sir," suggested the head boy—the Upper Fourth addressed their master with a stilted and pedantic preciosity of language which was an outrageous parody of his own courtly and old-fashioned manner—"to take down our names and ages, as is usually your custom at the outset of your infernal havers?"

"Of what, Adams?"

"Of your termly labors, sir," said Adams, raising his voice courteously.

Mr. Cayley acquiesced in this proposal, and the form, putting their feet up on convenient ledges and producing refreshment from the secret recesses of their persons, proceeded to crack nuts and jokes, while their instructor labored with studious politeness to extract from them information as to their initials and length of days. It was not too easy a task, for every boy in the room was conversing, and not necessarily with his next-door neigh-

bor. Once a Liddell and Scott lexicon (medium size) hurtled through space and fell with a crash upon the floor.

Mr. Cayley looked up.

"Some one," he remarked with mild severity, "is throwing india-rubber."

Name-taking finished, he made another attempt to revert to the passage of unprepared translation. But a small boy, with appealing eyes and a wistful expression, rose from his seat and timidly deposited a large and unclean object upon Mr. Cayley's desk.

"I excavated this during the holidays, sir," he explained; "and thinking it would interest you, I made a point of preserving it for your inspection."

Instant silence fell upon the form. Skilfully handled, this new diversion was good for quite half-an-hour's waste of time.

"This is hardly the moment, Benton," replied Mr. Cayley, "for a disquisition on geology; but I appreciate your kindness in thinking of me. I will examine this specimen this afternoon, and classify it for you."

But Master Benton had no intention of permitting this.

"Does it belong to the glacial period, sir?" he inquired shyly. "I thought these scratches might have been caused by ice-pressure."

There was a faint chuckle at the back of the room. It proceeded from the gentleman whose knife Benton had borrowed ten minutes before in order to furnish support for his glacial theory.

"It is impossible for me to say without my magnifying-glass," replied Mr. Cayley, peering myopically at the stone. "But from a cursory inspection I should imagine this particular specimen to be of an igneous nature. Where did you get it?"

"In the neck!" volunteered a voice.

Master Benton, whose cervical vertebrae the stone had nearly severed in

the course of a friendly interchange of missiles with a playmate while walking up to school, hastened to cover the interruption.

"Among the Champion Hills, sir," he announced gravely.

"The Grampian Hills," said Mr. Cayley, greatly interested. He nodded his head. "That may be so. Geologically speaking, some of these hills were volcanoes yesterday."

"There was nothing about it in the *Daily Mail* this morning," objected a voice from the back benches.

"I beg your pardon?" said Mr. Cayley, looking up.

"It sounds like a fairy tale, sir," amended the speaker.

"And so it is!" exclaimed Mr. Cayley, the geologist in him aroused at last. "The whole history of Nature is a fairy tale. Cast your minds back for a thousand centuries . . ."

The form accepted this invitation to the extent of dismissing the passage of unprepared translation from their thoughts for ever, and settling down with a grateful sigh, began to search their pockets for fresh provender. The seraph-like Benton slipped back into his seat. His mission was accomplished. The rest of the hour was provided for.

Twice during the previous five years Mr. Cayley's colleagues had offered to present him with a testimonial. Though deeply gratified, he could never understand why.

Mr. Bull was a young master, and an international football player. Being one of the few members of the Staff at Eaglescliffe who did not possess a first-class degree, he had been entrusted with the care of the most difficult form in the school—the small boys, usually known as The Nippers.

A small boy is as different from a middle-sized boy as chalk from cheese. He possesses none of the latter's curl-

ous dignity and self-consciousness. He has the instincts of the puppy, and appreciates being treated as such. That is to say, he is physically incapable of sitting still for more than fifteen minutes at a time; he is never happy except in the company of a drove of other small boys; and he is infinitely more amenable to the *fortiter in re* than to the *suaviter in modo* where the enforcement of discipline is concerned. Above all, he would rather have his head smacked than be ignored.

Mr. Bull greeted his chattering flock with a hearty roar of salutation, coupled with a brisk command to them to get into their places and be quick about it. He was answered by a shrill and squeaky chorus, and having thrown open the form-room door, herded the whole swarm within, assisting stragglers with a genial cuff or two; the which, coming from so great a hero, were duly cherished by their recipients as marks of special favor.

Having duly posted up the names and tender ages of his Nippers in his mark-book, Mr. Bull announced—

"Now we must appoint the Cabinet Ministers for the term."

Instantly there came a piping chorus,

"Please sir, can I be Scavenger?"

"Please sir, can I be Obliterator?"

"Please sir, can I be Window-opener?"

"Please sir, can I be Ink-slinger?"

"Please sir, can I be Coal-heaver?"

"Shut up!" roared Mr. Bull, and the babble was quelled instantly. "We will draw lots as usual."

Lots were duly cast, and the names of the fortunate announced. Mr. Bull was not a great scholar: some of the "highbrow" members of the Staff professed to despise his humble attainments. But he understood the mind of extreme youth. Tell a small boy to pick up waste paper, or fill an ink-pot, or clean a blackboard, and he will per-

form these acts of drudgery with natural reluctance and shirk them when he can. But appoint him Lord High Scavenger, or Lord High Ink-slinger, or Lord High Obliterator, with sole right to perform these important duties and power to eject usurpers, and he will value and guard his privileges with all the earnestness and tenacity of a permanent official.

Having arranged his executive staff to his satisfaction, Mr. Bull announced—

"We'll do a little English literature this morning, and start fair on ordinary work this afternoon. Sit absolutely still for ten minutes while I read to you. Listen all the time, for I shall question you when I have finished. After that you shall question me—one question each, and mind it is a sensible one. After that, a breather; then you will write out in your own words a summary of what I have read. Atten-shun!"

He read a hundred lines or so of *The Passing of Arthur*, while the Nippers, restraining itching hands and feet, sat motionless. Then followed question time, which was a lively affair; for questions mean marks, and Nippers will sell their souls for marks. Suddenly Mr. Bull shut the book with a snap.

"Out you get!" he said. "The usual run-round the Founder's Oak and straight back. And no yelling, mind! Remember, there are others." He took out his watch. "I give you one minute. Any boy taking longer will receive five thousand lines and a public flogging. Off!"

There was a sudden upheaval, a scuttle of feet, and then solitude.

The last Nipper returned panting, with his lungs full of oxygen and the fidgets shaken out of him, within fifty-seven seconds, and the work of the hour proceeded.

Each master had his own methods of maintaining discipline. Mr. Wellings, for instance, ruled entirely by the lash of his tongue. A schoolboy can put up with stripes, and he rather relishes abuse; but sarcasm withers him to the marrow. In this respect Mr. Wellings' reputation throughout the school—he was senior mathematical master, and almost half the boys passed through his hands—was that of a "chronic blister."

Newcomers to his sets, who had hitherto regarded the baiting of subject-masters as a pleasant form of recuperation between two bouts of the Classics, sometimes overlooked this fact. If they had a reputation for lawlessness to keep up they sometimes endeavored to make themselves obnoxious. They had short shrift.

"Let me see," Wellings would drawl, "I am afraid I can't recall your name for the moment. Have you a visiting-card about you?"

Here the initiated would chuckle with anticipatory relish, and the offender, a little taken aback, would either glare defiantly or efface himself behind his book.

"I am addressing you, sir—you in the back bench, with the intelligent countenance and the black-edged fingernails," Wellings would continue in silky tones. "I asked you a question just now. Have you a visiting-card about you?"

A thousand brilliant repartees would flash through the brain of the obstreperous one. But somehow, in Wellings' mild and apologetic presence, they all went either irrelevant or fatuous. He usually ended by growling, "No."

"Then what is your name—or possibly title? Forgive me for not knowing."

"Corbett." It is extraordinary how ridiculous one's surname always sounds

when one is compelled to announce it in public.

"Thank you. Will you kindly stand up, Mr. Corbett, in order that we may study you in greater detail?" (Mr. Wellings had an uncanny knack of enlisting the rest of the form on his side when he dealt with an offender of this type.) "I must apologize for not having heard of you before. Indeed, it is surprising that one of your remarkable appearance should hitherto have escaped my notice in my walks abroad. The world knows nothing of its greatest men: how true that is! However, this is no time for moralizing. What I wanted to bring to your distinguished notice is this—that you must not behave like a yahoo in my mathematical set. During the past ten minutes you have kicked one of your neighbors and cuffed another; you have partaken of a good deal of unwholesome and (as it came out of your pocket) probably unclean refreshment; and you have indulged in several childish and obscene gestures. These dare-devil exploits took place while I was writing on the blackboard; but I think it only fair to mention to you that I have eyes in the back of my head—a fact upon which any member of this set could have enlightened you. But possibly they do not presume to address a person of your eminence. I have no idea, of course, with what class of society you are accustomed to mingle; but here—here—that sort of thing is simply not done, really! I am so sorry! But the hour will soon be over, and then you can go and have a nice game of shove-halfpenny, or whatever your favorite sport is, in the gutter. But at present I must ask you to curb your natural instincts. That is all, thank you very much. You may sit down now. Observe from time to time the demeanor of your companions, and endeavor to learn from them. They do not possess your natural advantages in

the way of brains and beauty, but their manners are better. Let us now resume our studies."

Mr. Wellings used to wonder plaintively in the Common Room why his colleagues found it necessary to set so many impositions.

Lastly, Mr. Klotz. Mr. Klotz may be described as a Teutonic survival—a survival of the days when it was *de rigueur* to have the French language taught by a foreigner of some kind. Not necessarily by a Frenchman—that would have been pandering too slavishly to Continental idiosyncrasy—but at least by some one who could only speak broken English. Mr. Klotz was a Prussian, so naturally possessed all the necessary qualifications.

His disciplinary methods were modelled upon those of the Prussian Army, of which he had been a distinguished ornament—a fact of which he was fond of reminding his pupils, and which had long been regarded by those guileless infants as one of the most valuable weapons in their armory of time-wasting devices.

Mr. Klotz, not being a resident master, had no special class-room or key; he merely visited each form-room in turn. He expected to find every boy in his seat ready for work upon his arrival; and as he was accustomed to enforce his decrees at the point of the bayonet—or its scholastic equivalent—sharp scouts and reliable sentries were invariably posted to herald his approach.

Behold him this particular morning marching in Remove A form-room, which was situated at the top of a block of buildings on the south side of the quadrangle, with the superb assurance and grace of a German subaltern entering a beer-hall.

Having reached his desk Mr. Klotz addressed his pupils.

"He who round the corner looked when op the stairs I game," he announced, "after lonch goms he!"

The form, some of them still breathless from their interrupted rag, merely looked down their noses with an air of seraphic piety.

"Who was de boy who did dat?" pursued Mr. Klotz.

No reply.

"Efter lonch," trumpeted Mr. Klotz, "goms eferypoty!"

At once a boy rose in his place. His name was Tomlinson.

"It was me, sir," he said.

"Efter lonch," announced Mr. Klotz, slightly disappointed at being robbed of a holocaust, "goms Tomleenson. I gif him irrulear verps."

Two other boys rose promptly to their feet. Their names were Pringle and Grant. They had not actually given the alarm, but they had passed it on.

"It was me too, sir," said each.

"Efter lonch," amended Mr. Klotz, "goms Tomleenson, Brinkle, unt Grunt. Now I take your names unt aitches."

This task accomplished, Mr. Klotz was upon the point of taking up Chardenal's *First French Course*, when a small boy with a winning manner (which he wisely reserved for his dealings with masters) said politely:

"Won't you tell us about the Battle of Sedan, sir, as this is the first day of term?"

The bait was graciously accepted, and for the next hour Mr. Klotz ranged over the historic battlefield. It appeared that he had been personally responsible for the success of the Prussian arms, and had been warmly thanked for his services by the Emperor, Moltke, and Bismarck.

"You liddle Engleesh boys," he concluded, "you think your Army is great. In my gonyry it would be noding—noding! Take it away! Vat battles has it fought, to compare——"

The answer came red-hot from thirty British throats:

"Waterloo!" (There was no "sir" this time.)

"Vaterloo?" replied Mr. Klotz condescendingly. "Yes. But vere would your Engleesh army haf been at Vaterloo without Blucher?" He puffed out his chest. "Tell me dat, Brinkle!"

"Blucher, sir?" replied Master Pringle deferentially. "Who was he, sir?"

"You haf not heard of Blucher?" gasped Mr. Klotz in genuine horror.

The form, who seldom encountered Mr. Klotz without hearing of Blucher, shook their heads with polite regret. Suddenly a hand shot up. It was the hand of Master Tomlinson, who it will be remembered had already burned his boats for the afternoon.

"Do you mean Blutcher, sir?" he inquired.

"Blutcher? Himmel! Nein!" roared Mr. Klotz. "I mean Blucher."

"I expect he was the same person, sir," said Tomlinson soothingly. "I remember him now. He was the Russian who—"

"Prussian!" yelled the patriotic Mr. Klotz.

"I beg your pardon, sir—Prussian. I thought they were the same thing. He was the Prussian general whom Lord Wellington was relying on to back him up at Waterloo. But Blutcher—Blucher lost his way—quite by acci-

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dent, of course—and did not reach the field until the fight was over."

"He stopped to capture a brewery, sir, didn't he?" queried Master Pringle, coming to his intrepid colleague's assistance.

"It was bad luck his arriving late," added Tomlinson, firing his last cartridge; "but he managed to kill quite a lot of wounded."

Mr. Klotz had only one retort for enterprises of this kind. He rose sternly to his feet, crossed the room, and grasping Master Tomlinson by the ears, lifted him from his seat and set him to stand in the middle of the floor. Then he returned for Pringle.

"You stay dere," he announced to the pair, "ontil the hour is op. Efter lunch—"

But in his peregrinations over the battlefield of Sedan Mr. Klotz had taken no note of the flight of time. Even as he spoke the clock struck.

"The hour is up now, sir!" yelled the delighted form.

And they dispersed with tumult, congratulating Pringle and Tomlinson upon their pluck, and themselves upon a most profitable morning.

But it is a far cry to Sedan nowadays. The race of Klotzes has perished, and their place is occupied by muscular young Britons, who have no reminiscences, and whose pronunciation is easier to understand.

LOVE SCENES IN FICTION.

It is frequently to be observed, if a little consideration be given to the point, that the task contemplated by the novelist in these days resolves itself into a problem in mechanics; it is concerned literally with the inertia, mobility, and momentum of movable bodies and the resolution of the forces which act upon them. The author

takes his characters, places them coolly where he will, and in the progress of a story of adventure or intrigue conducts them to and fro over the face of the globe, from street to street or from town to town, and justifies his course by tacitly showing us the external impulses at work to accomplish each change. If he does not make us feel

these impulses, if he is arbitrary and seems to alter his scene from a mere desire for variety, he is a negligible manufacturer of tales and not worthy of the name of artist. That this process often demands a remarkable amount of ingenuity is not to be doubted, and it is equally certain, as all attentive readers have proved, that the result in the hands of a clever writer may be highly entertaining and even exciting.

When, however, the novelist devotes his talent to the exposition of something more than a thesis in human mechanics and begins to deal with the countless phases of the mind, with the mysteries which lie hidden within these apparently free bodies and which, in fact, control their behavior, we find ourselves mounting to a loftier plane. Instead of assembling his characters carelessly here and there the author has to conceive them as thoughtful, intelligent, responsible beings quite capable of directing their own motions independently; he is compelled to ponder cautiously possible motives, to select and reject in accordance with the probable choice of a definitely drawn personality—and with this word "personality" we touch the heart of all his difficulties and open the door to a consideration of his range, his imperfections, and his triumphs. He passes at once, with the rapture of this ambition, from the rank of the imitative and second-rate writer of no permanent value to that of the creative and serious artist, who may or may not become a nation's honor, but who at any rate is an asset to its collective intellectual output and cannot be ignored. If he fails, we are bound to grant that he aimed high; if he succeeds (success not being taken to mean popularity) it is likely that his work will reveal to us some of the most wonderful affinities, excursions, and agitations of the human soul and spirit.

In his treatment of the phenomena induced by love, as might be anticipated, the novelist with an avowed predilection for psychology reaches his most exalted ground. The passion which can make a weak man strong, a strong man weak; which can affect the destinies of empires and thrones and nations, separate life-long friends and overthrow premeditated plans; which can elevate a harpy into an angel or by the perversions of jealousy degrade an angel to a fiend; which can bring together in one brief glance of unutterable significance two who have been driven before the storms of the world for years to an inevitable moment of vivid meeting: this theme, surely, affords scope for the supreme efforts of analysis, the finest flights of enthusiasm. It is a theme upon which endless fugues are played by word-musicians of every degree of qualification, and, as in real everyday life its variations, recurrences, and modulations are inexhaustible, so in the novel, presented by realist or idealist, we discover innumerable harmonies—and discords—given under this one comprehensive name. We range the whole gamut, from the almost Elysian meeting of Richard and Lucy in Meredith's *Richard Feverel* to the portentous love-making of Mr. H. G. Wells's scientifically constructed examples of amorous humanity.

The task of guiding his hero and heroine through a situation in which the most potent feelings of one or the other, or of both, are supposed to quicken and perhaps eventually to break all bounds, is a dangerous one, a veritable *pons asinorum* for the inexperienced novelist. It is so very easy to put words of love into their mouths, so extraordinarily difficult to pull the position tightly together, to give it shape and reason and energy, to impart to the reader a sense of having been taken up "into a high mountain apart"

where things of eternal significance are being said. Not one writer in a hundred can command that authentic thrill. Sincerity absolute and untainted is of the essence of it, and to attain this sincerity the creator of characters presumed to be human beings must regard them primarily as human beings; that is to say, if they are to appear strongly moved, he also must be to some extent in the grip of emotion. His facile word-spinning, on the level, it may be, of simple manufacture when concerned with plot or incident, must rise as nearly as possible to that of inspiration; some beating of angels' wings must be heard. His credit is at stake, if he wishes to take his art seriously. For of what use are the commonplace linguistic interchanges of lovers without the genuine imprint of feeling? They are counterfeit coin—they do not ring true, and the reader will quickly detect the flaw and the falsity.

How, then, is the impress of reality, the definite, effective presentation of love to be obtained? Not, we may premise, by the vague and careless use of such phrases as are dear to the heart of the beginner or the favorite author of the servants' hall. "She blushed vividly"; "her whole frame trembled with the onslaught of passion"; "a delicate pallor overspread her countenance as the hot words sprang from his lips";—these and other well-worn clichés of the popular novelist ought to be relegated to the province of the cheap and flowery novelette or *feuilleton* where they indubitably belong. If we study the finest scenes of admitted masters of fiction, we shall not note such empty words as these; we shall find that they achieve irresistible success by the insistence of the suggestion of their own keen interest in their people—in their own personal and communicable thrill, in fact—whether they employ the slow,

sure method of approach, sometimes with scarcely a line of dialogue, or lead to a climax by the increasing flow of a conversation. In the latter case, the dialogue will be the perfectly natural flower of a situation that we have seen develop, bud, and bloom, and it will be hard to say how the result could have been reached with equal beauty in another way. The art of thus convincing the reader is a primary instinct with the true novelist, and takes precedence over all thoughts of mere amusement or entertainment.

Consider for the moment *Sartor Resartus* as fiction—which seems perfectly legitimate, even though we cannot by any means term Carlyle a novelist—and examine the wondrous, unique love-affair of the stern Teufelsdrockh. Charged to the full with "that fire-development of the universal Spiritual Electricity which, as unfolded between man and woman, we first emphatically denominate Love," he met his fascinating goddess of flowers. "Young, hazel-eyed, beautiful, and someone else's Cousin, highborn, and of high spirit," she came into his austere life, opening to him vistas of the richest, softest delight; and in a passage of memorable charm does Carlyle—the gruff, grave Carlyle—portray his hero's happiness:

To our Friend the hours seemed moments; holy was he and happy; the words from those sweetest lips came over him like dew on thirsty grass; all better feelings in his soul seemed to whisper: It is good for us to be here. At parting, the Blumine's hand was in his; in the balmy twilight, with the kind stars above them, he spoke something of meeting again, which was not contradicted; he pressed gently those small, soft fingers, and it seemed as if they were not hastily, not angrily, withdrawn.

But the vision is blurred, and the stars soon set, for one morning Teufelsdrockh found his Blumine silent, absent in

manner, and with signs of weeping; saying, too, in a tremulous voice that they were to meet no more:

We omit the passionate expostulations, entreaties, indignations, since all was vain, and not even an explanation was conceded him; and hasten to the catastrophe. "Farewell, then, Madam," said he, not without sternness, for his stung pride helped him. She put her hand in his, she looked in his face, tears started to her eyes: in wild audacity he clasped her to his bosom; their lips were joined, their two souls, like two dewdrops, rushed into one—for the first time, and for the last! And then? Why, then—thick curtains of Night rushed over his soul, as rose the immeasurable Crash of Doom; and through the ruins as of a shivered Universe was he falling, falling, towards the Abyss.

Whatever we may think of Carlyle as a philosopher, and whatever the flaws of composition and repetition we may see in the language, there are suggestions of force and impulsive warmth about this magnificent chapter which carry conviction; and this in spite of the fact that the style is cast in an entirely different mould from that favored by the modern novelist.

One hesitates before accusing Charlotte Brontë of insincerity in so famous a book as *Jane Eyre*, and yet that apparently immortal but over-rated volume fails utterly to satisfy the critical and inquisitive reader in many aspects. The literary fashionableness of the author, so strenuously spread and maintained by Sir W. R. Nicoll and Mr. Clement Shorter, has become as artificial and regrettable as some of the fashions in other spheres; in certain circles to confess ignorance of her work, or to express any distaste for it, requires an appreciable amount of courage. It is the business of the critic, however, in his indefatigable search for comparisons, contrasts, and illustrations, to drink from many streams whose waters are not particu-

larly refreshing, and in *Jane Eyre*, highly though it be lauded, is a "love" scene so unreal as to be frankly laughable. The pompous St. John, sitting by a rill, musing aloud to his sedate companion, remarks: "I shall see it again in dreams, when I sleep by the Ganges: and again in a more remote hour, when another slumber overcomes me—on the shore of a darker stream." He is on the point of going to the East as a missionary, and he speaks further words in the same blithe strain, until Jane "felt as if an awful charm was framing round and gathering over" her; "I trembled," she writes, "to hear some fatal word spoken which would at once declare and rivet the spell." Awful charm, in truth! And, in due course, the "fatal word" is uttered:

"Jane, come with me to India; come as my helpmeet and fellow-laborer. . . . God and nature intended you for a missionary's wife. It is not personal, but mental, endowments they have given you: you are formed for labor, not for love. A missionary's wife you must and shall be."

Then come two pages of a fluent, semi-religious pomposity which seems to have vastly impressed the submissive Jane. The ardent lover gives her a lecture on humility worthy of an intellectual Uriah Heep, and assures her lengthily that he has watched the object of his pale, unearthly passion in her duties at the village school, and has studied her for ten months. He has found her punctual, upright, tactful, self-sacrificing, tractable, assiduous; one begins to fear that he will exhaust a thesaurus, for just when the end seems near he bursts forth afresh in a pean of workmanlike adulation. "Jane," he cries enthusiastically, "you are docile, diligent, disinterested, faithful, constant, and courageous; very gentle and very heroic; cease to mistrust yourself—I can trust you unreservedly. As a con-

ductress of Indian schools, and a helper among Indian women, your assistance to me will be invaluable." Thus arrives the tremendous climax; and we are left feeling that surely no lover ever more urgently needed some judicious instruction in the arts of love. The whole scene bears no stamp of genius, brings no illusion to the reader; it is simply bathos, and the character of the fatuous St. John is incredible.

The genuinely sentimental love-scene was nurtured to its roundest, fullest perfection by Charles Dickens. He delighted to make his hero lay a hand on his heart, declaim a few resonant paragraphs in the very best and most dignified style—composed beforehand, one almost suspects; whereupon the lady weeps, turns away, and accepts or refuses as the case may be—the whole procedure being conducted in a highly proper and genteel manner. If this results, to our more advanced ideas, in a picture not always true to life, we have to make allowances; the author sought to please the taste of his day, and it is no small tribute to his skill that we can find, after sixty years, much charm in these impossibly sentimental passages. Perhaps one of the most glaring examples of this method is the proposal of Harry Maylie to Rose, in *Oliver Twist*. The young man thus addresses her, after a page or so of preliminary protestations:

"There is no pursuit more worthy of me: more worthy of the highest nature that exists: than the struggle to win such a heart as yours. Rose, my own dear Rose! For years—for years—I have loved you; hoping to win my way to fame, and then come proudly home and tell you it had been pursued only for you to share; thinking, in my day-dreams, how I would remind you, in that happy moment, of the many silent tokens I had given of a boy's attachment, and claim your hand, as in re-

demption of some old mute contract that had been sealed between us! That time has not arrived; but here, with no fame won, and no young vision realized, I offer you the heart so long your own, and stake my all upon the words with which you greet the offer."

Here is no fine disorder of grammar or composition, such as might well be supposed to afflict the impassioned lover; it is all quite correct, quite a passable piece of oratory, and, we may say, it leaves us perfectly placid. Rose replies in the same style, with a similar rigor of language, though she is moved to tears; and we read on, not because we are borne on a flood, but for the sake of the story. Nor does David Copperfield affect us more when he comes to the point with Agnes, whom he apostrophizes until "her tears fell fast"; but a little humor and a less passive attitude become possible when we hear John Westlock's declaration to Ruth Pinch, in spite of her "gushing tears" and the author's intermediate appeals to the "rapid, swelling, bursting little heart." Better than all others, however, is the spectacle of old Tim Linkinwater wooing Miss La Creevy, in *Nicholas Nickleby*, with his arm round her waist, sitting in the window-seat:

"Come!" said Tim. "Let's be a comfortable couple. We shall live in the old house here, where I have been for four-and-forty year; we shall go to the old church where I've been, every Sunday morning, all through that time; we shall have all my old friends about us—Dick, the archway, the pump, the flower-pots, and Mr. Frank's children, and Mr. Nickleby's children that we shall seem like grandfather and grandmother too. Let's be a comfortable couple, and take care of each other! And if we should get deaf, or lame, or blind, or bedridden, how glad we shall be that we have somebody we are fond of, always to talk to and sit with! Let's be a comfortable couple. Now, do, my dear!"

How infinitely more natural and pleasing is this than the set, stilted phrases of the other lovers! Yet, even in their ornate pleadings, there is nothing to ridicule and little to complain of save the prevalence of the rolling period and the constant tearful interludes. It seems strange that Dickens, who knew his people so well and presented them as normal human beings when undisturbed by love, drops to a lower artistic plane immediately a proposal comes in sight.

The love-scenes of Anthony Trollope hardly ever bring any thrill to the reader. We feel quite a lively interest in the fate of the various characters, but their behavior does not excite us by a single extra heart-beat. Trollope builds no castles of romance; or, if he does, we hear the noise of the building too plainly. Here is one of the many paragraphs by which, in *The Last Chronicle of Barset*, the interview of John Eames with Lily Dale is introduced:

But it was luncheon time, and not only had he not as yet said a word of all that which he had come to say, but had not as yet made any move towards getting it said. How was he to arrange that Lily should be left alone with him? Lady Julia had said that she should not expect him back till dinner-time . . .

And so it goes on; labored, and calculated, one would think, to destroy any savor of romantic illusion—it is the loud nailing-up of the floors of the castle, a sound which should always be as the merest echo in the distance, if it is heard at all. One is forced to a sense of surprise that a novelist, so clever, so industrious, and so prolific, so good at narration, should have been content to jog along steadily at the same "useful" speed, on the same level midland road, with the same sunlit view—a cathedral and a manor-house—ever before his eyes. To his credit be it said that the number of permuta-

tions and combinations he obtained from his ecclesiastical and manorial heroes and heroines was astonishing. It is a pity he is now regarded as so hopelessly old-fashioned; a man who mentions the *Pall Mall Gazette* (as he does in the book just referred to) seems to strike a note not entirely out of tune with the twentieth century.

If we choose Mr. H. G. Wells as one of the moderns and glance at his management of a passion which, as displayed in his novels, is not always worthy of the name of love, he must not be held as thoroughly representative. His young men and women, under the influence of desire, awakening to the possibilities of the companionship of the other sex as a large part of life, are apt to develop a keenness of vision quite remarkable. They notice for the first time the salient masculine and feminine contours: "I saw the sheathed beauty of women's forms all about me," says the adolescent Remington in *The New Machiavelli*; they perceive the pink flushes, the fair hair, and especially the delicate, seductive down on cheek, neck, or arms. We have this detail when Ann Veronica scrutinizes Capes: "She looked down at him and saw that the sunlight was gleaming from his cheeks, and that all over his cheeks was a fine golden down of delicate hairs. And at the sight something leaped within her. Something changed for her . . ." with much more description in the same vein. We have young Remington, too, cataloguing the charms of Margaret, recording the fact that "the faint down on her brow and cheek was delightful"; and Steve, in *The Passionate Friends*, even in his boyhood had a precocious eye for girlhood's promise. As a sixth-form youth looking forward to Oxford, he notes that Mary's "aggressive lean legs had vanished, and she was sheathed in muslin that showed her the most delicately

slender and beautiful of young women." After a while, this elaboration of the sheathed forms and their peculiarities of epidermis becomes monotonous.

The first love-scene between the pure-hearted Margaret and Remington, in *The New Machiavelli*, is sadly tainted with memories of the man's self-confessed, nasty "affairs" with other women; the last scene, between the same two, who have now been married for years, is a poignant appeal on the part of the wife to a love that no longer exists. The intermediate meetings with the intrusive Isobel, who completely alienates our strained sympathies by calling the "hero" her "Master," interspersed as they are with essays and discussions on the situation and its portents, give rise to an unpleasant impression of unreality. By no means can the later Mr. Wells be regarded as a master of the art of portraying love, although one has a suspicion that this is precisely what he considers himself to be. His chance for pure comedy, in the proposal of the stately Miss Walsingham to the pathetically nervous and timid Kipps, was excellently exploited; and in *Love and Mr. Lewisham* there sounds a real note of understanding. But of late years Mr. Wells has allowed his anxiety for the early construction of a new universe after his own especial and copyright design to distort his judgment in some important respects, illuminating and interesting though his observations by the way may be.

The most striking antithesis conceivable to the lurid love-scenes of these oppressively sociological fictions is to be found in the work of that rare, and, one fears, neglected artist, Mr. Henry James. The two authors can hardly be fitly compared: they can only be contrasted. The one lectures us, berates us, is like to split the drums of our ears with his persistent

emphasis—the other speaks quietly and persuasively, with exquisite taste and entrancing modulations and undertones; the one is an impulsive futurist, vastly annoyed with the world and its conventions—the other looks on life with kindly, inquisitive eyes and records objectively, with infinite skill and unwearying patience, the wonderful interdependences and relationships that beset his vision on all sides. The methods of the two men have nothing in common. When, in *The American*, we read of Madame de Cintré's "silent, fragrant, flexible surrender" to Newman's pleading, we realize the value of restraint—columns of description could tell no more; and yet, if we want spaciousness, Newman's previous eloquent wooing runs to several pages—admirable, discreet, pertinacious lover that he was!

The critical interview between Charlotte and the Prince, in *The Golden Bowl*, shows Mr. James's subtle approach at its best. Their moment of complete comprehension has arrived. It beguiles them less into a love-scene than into a compact of absolute mutual understanding of their attitude towards certain other people—an attitude caused by a psychological tangle which it would take too long to expound here; but as by some irresistible, invisible pressure, they come together at last. At the close of a conversation which seems to lead, as gradually as the opening of a delicate bloom, to the high, fine, finished declaration, "It's all too wonderful," says the Prince:

Firmly and gravely she kept his hand. "It's too beautiful." And so for a minute they stood together, as strongly held and as closely confronted as any hour of their easier past even had seen them. They were silent at first, only facing and faced, only grasping and grasped, only meeting and met. "It's sacred," he said at last. "It's sacred," she breathed back to

him. They vowed it, gave it out and took it in, drawn, by their intensity, more closely together. Then of a sudden, through this tightened circle, as at the issue of a narrow strait into the sea beyond, everything broke up, broke down, gave way, melted and mingled. Their lips sought their lips, their pressure their response and their response their pressure; with a violence that had sighed itself the next moment to the longest and deepest of stillnesses they passionately sealed their pledge.

This has a very real thrill, and the effect is gained by the most gentle, unobtrusive art—an art that disdains the crude methods of the market-place and is content with the approbation of fellow-artists. Mr. James necessarily limits his public; but his public has reason to be grateful to him for never lowering his standard.

The resources of Mr. Thomas Hardy in respect to love-lorn men and maidens are well known—the tragic story of Tess, the wooing of Bathsheba Everdene, of Marty South, of Fancy Day, and many others, have become familiar to most readers. Various classical passages from Meredith's novels are also too famous for anything more than an allusion. The first interviews between Richard and Lucy; the scene, later on in the same book, when Richard surrenders to the flaming allure of Mrs. Mount, his enchantress; the spurious protestations made to Emilia in *Sandra Belloni* by Wilfrid Pole, who "could pledge himself to eternity, but shrank from being bound to eleven o'clock on the morrow morning," and the tremendous scene between Wilfrid and Lady Charlotte Chillingworth, where, on the heels of his prolonged, impassioned, hypocritical declaration to her, comes like a pistol-shot the dramatic finish: "For God's sake, spare the girl! Emilia stood in the doorway." These are the work of no tradesman in literary

wares. We recollect others: the laborious love-making of Sir Willoughby Patterne, and the beautiful Clara Middleton threatened with the life-long incubus of an egotist. "The gulf of a caress hove in view like an enormous billow hollowing under the curled ridge. She stooped to a buttercup; the monster swept by." What could be more illuminating? And there remain still more treasures than we can mention, including the famous "swimming" chapter in *Lord Ormont and His Aminta*.

It is easy to conclude hastily, while passages such as these ring in our ears, that the work of lesser men is negligible; there are times, however, when we can refrain for awhile from the more imposing heights and content ourselves with the plains and foothills round Olympus. At such periods we turn with interest to writers whose work lies near the level of mere entertainment—to Anthony Hope, Mrs. Craigie, Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch, Maurice Hewlett. In *Troy Town*, the delightful "Q" gives one of the shortest and quaintest proposals on record. Mr. Fogo, a wet and woeful figure, overtakes Tamsin Dearlove in the porch:

"What are you doing?" she cried.
"Go back to bed."

As she faced him, he could see that her eyes were full of angry tears. The sight checked him.

"It's of no consequence," he stammered, "only I was going to ask you to be my wife."

For answer she turned on her heel and walked resolutely down the steps.

Comparison of these simple scenes, and others from the novels of such authors as Mr. Arnold Bennett, however, with the work of writers who may be said to have found a sure and lasting foothold beneath the shifting sands of fictional literature, leads us back to our previous axiom—that if the reader is to be moved, to experi-

ence a thrill of emotion that shall return even with the memory of a particular passage the author must lose that cool control over himself which tends to evolve mere beauty, mere amusement; artistic enough, it may be, but soulless and lacking vision. This is but another way of saying that, as with the true poet, self-expression comes first. Let us have the charming construction, the apt phrase, the exquisite description: but let us have also that fine, careless fervor of the

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spirit which transcends all servile imitation and rejects all conventional bonds during the time of its travail. Then, and only then, do we find love-scenes which transfer to the mind of the reader something of the essential appeal, which convey the sense of actual and human personality into the mythical creatures of the novelist's brain and establish mysterious links between them and ourselves; to rise, in the supreme examples, almost into the sphere of veritable revelation.

Wilfrid L. Randell.

THE SUNK ELEPHANT.

The peace that comes upon one in the jungle, when one has finished lunch after a long morning's ride, can be very great at times, and it was that afternoon. From the bamboo patch at our back doves cooed incessantly. A hornbill, whose tiny wings, that never ceased flapping, drove along its lean body and great bill with difficulty, had just flown in from a grove rather more distant, nearly tilting over at the surprise of seeing us. In front ran a river, wide and very shallow, but flowing smooth and silvery as these Bihar rivers do for all their want of depth. A pair of stilts were picking their way delicately along the edges of the sand-banks—as delicately indeed as if they walked on hot iron, to which the sand bore a resemblance. Occasionally they waded in to cool their toes. On the opposite bank tall spear-grass grew and spread to the horizon, but along the slope of the bank, between the grass and the river, I could just see the form of a crocodile, stretched head downwards at an angle of 45°, ready to plunge in when his dreams of fish became later a pressing appetite. I knew—for I had been in this part before—that every fifty yards or so along both banks his counterpart might be

found—every one basking on his own special beat just above the teeming river. Yet not a splash or a sound was to be heard from it, and, except for the cooing doves and the paddling stilts and ourselves, the whole country might have been asleep.

The collector, as he leant back against the tree under which we had eaten and drunk, and drew the first flavor of his cheroot, voiced the peacefulness of the scene by saying—"It's not bad here, is it?"

"Perfect," I responded.

"It's thanks to our having got rid of the sub-deputy," he said; and went on with quiet satisfaction: "He cannot possibly catch us up until this evening. Rather cute of me to mount him on that elephant."

"Very cute indeed," I agreed.

"The result is," said the collector, "that we not only don't have him with us, but that he's prevented from writing reports. It is impossible to write reports on the pad of an elephant."

"I certainly couldn't," I replied. "But hadn't you better touch wood?"

"Why?" demanded the collector.

"There's somebody running in this direction now. Look!" I pointed to a

native who was coming towards us, along the road we had travelled that morning, at a slow trot. It came into my mind that this was the same road along which the sub-deputy collector was travelling on his elephant. It must have come into the collector's mind too, for he said without any certainty in his voice—

"He can't be from the sub-deputy. It's probably some local petitioner."

"We shall know in a minute," I said. "Here he is."

The collector snorted something in the vernacular at the youth, who had arrived and was salaaming before him in the ceremonial jungly manner, in response to which the youth, whose bare chest was still heaving from the long run he had evidently had, produced out of his waistband a large sheaf of foolscap paper tied into a bundle. I did not require the collector's groan to inform me that the impossible had happened!

"Talk of the sub-deputy," he said, as he stretched out his hand for the packet. "Of course it's from him, and of course I shall have to read it. This boy says he's got into some sort of mess somewhere. Mostly imaginary, I expect—still—"

He drew his back up against the trunk of the tree, so that he might deal more strenuously with the pages reporting the sub-deputy's predicament, while I lay back and recalled to my mind's eye the form and character of that winning official. We both, I think, liked the sub-deputy collector. I certainly did. He had furnished me with copy before now. He was a Bengali—a vast young man in every way. In figure he was a balloon surmounted by a white solar topee and ending in a pair of white riding-breeches (not that he ever rode, or that any pony could have supported him). The spirit within him was not unlike a balloon either. It rose and

sank and swayed with every wind that blew. Only, the balloon image can give no impression of the earnestness, the indefatigability, the mixture of irrepressible self-importance and overwhelming humility, or the amiable unsnubbable desire to do the right thing in the wrong way that characterized the sub-deputy collector. The collector loved him a little less than I did because, whereas, being unofficial, I could simply enjoy him, the collector had to employ him as on his present tour of inspection, and suffered in consequence. His great weakness was in writing "Notes"—indistinguishably mixed in value, and then sending them in to the collector to read—volumes of them. When you are camping out in very hot weather, you do not wish nightly to read through fifteen pages of encyclopedic notes—mostly spun from the brain of an exceedingly stout young man, when three lines of facts are what you are looking for. He had been out three days with us already, and the collector had visibly—and indeed audibly—tired of some of the reports which the sub-deputy had handed in. This was the reason why, on this occasion, he had bethought him of lending him the elephant which a planter had lent us in case we had time for some sport. The idea was that the sub-deputy, travelling slowly and joltily on the elephant, could not reach our next camp till nightfall, and would not in any case be able to write notes on the way.

Grunts from the collector and the words "I never read such stuff" broke into my thoughts and reminded me of the lines:

"Oh, what a tangled web we weave,
When first we practise to deceive."

The collector had thought to deceive the sub-deputy, and this tangled web of foolscap was the result.

"What's it all about?" I asked, as the word "idiot," followed by the word

"fathead," disturbed the even tenor of his perusal.

"I'll read it if you like," said the collector.

"Do," I answered, and he began as follows:

"Your Honor,—I beg to report with all brevity the nature of catastrophe which has befallen self and party, including elephant which your Honor out of golden heart and consideration of fatigues endured in official capacity by these presents kindly loaned the same for purposes of transit."

"It's not a serious catastrophe, I hope," I said, as the collector paused for breath at the end of this imposing opening sentence.

"Wait," said the collector, and went on:

"Party in question consisted, as your Honor would doubtless remember, of (1) Self, (2) Ramsan (chupassie), (3) Mahout (elderly man—name unknown) mounted on aforesaid elephant (sex of elephant, female), together with goods and chattels belonging to your Honor, including official papers."

"The only goods and chattels I remember"—the collector broke off to make the comment—"are an empty tea-basket and a pair of old puttees the bearer tied on to it. I haven't the faintest recollection of any official papers."

"Never mind," I said, "he has the gift of language. How about the catastrophe?"

The collector returned to his foolscap:

"Contingent started from village of Rundaha, after transaction of business according to instructions, at 10.31 A.M., and route was taken past village well—gift of Kari Babu in token of gratitude of providential saving of life of Viceroy from bomb of assassin."

"Kari Babu, by the way," interpolated the collector, "is the man who is supposed to be at the back of the dacoities in this district. He sunk the well as soon as he found out that he

was being suspected. Red herring, of course. However, you may be feeling anxious about the sub-deputy, so I'd better get on":

"At distance of forty paces from well right turn was made into small jungle (flora consisting mainly of wild plum, dog-rose, cotton tree, etc.) where story of villager concerning *chota bagh*, which has carried off three goat, one calf, within recent months, caused sub-deputy collector to give warning to mahout to proceed with caution. I have pleasure to report that jungle was traversed without hitch or confusion, elephant debouching herein and thereafter upon open country gradually conducing to nature of low swamp."

"This is very exciting," I said, as the collector again paused; "but do you mind telling me if we are getting anywhere near the catastrophe?"

"Not by a long way," he said. "There are three pages of pure scenic description before we get anywhere near. However, if you're tired already, I'll leave them out and get to the critical parts."

"I'm not tired," I explained; "I'm only consumed with anxiety. Don't leave out anything vital to the plot—but don't forget that I am thrilled all over."

"All right," said the collector, turning over four or five pages. "I think this ought to do you. Some hours have elapsed—they are still in the low country. Here we are":

"12.9 P.M. Large Jheel intervening question arises as to how we shall surmount same, as ground adjoining approximates to swamp. Different arguments are pursued *ad nauseam*. Ramsan opinions that way forward will show satisfactory finale in spite of watery mire; mahout stiffly maintains doubt if such method will eventuate too softly for elephant, and proposes back turn and forward by the left, thereby prolonging mileage. I hesitate to adjudicate between equal differentials until jungly man who is cutting reeds by waterside is espied. I command

him to approach and say if route through mire is safe. His response is in the affirmative, whereupon I abjure mahout to proceed incontinently. His face takes on the sullen, but he prods elephant in obedience to orders from superior quarters. Elephant also takes on the sullen, and with uneasily circulating trunk makes ginger steps, presently stopping. Mahout again protests this not a good way, but having word of jungly villager that all is well, I say to him 'Forward. Trust the people.'"

"Good old democrat, the sub-deputy," I could not help saying.

"He's probably no longer a democrat," said the collector, and went on:

"In another instant the worst has happened. Elephant putting right forefoot in swamp is unable to withdraw same and is ensued with panic, whereby plunges and violent kicks follow and cause miasmas and terrible smells to arise from decaying vegetation of mire. All the pad rocks, threatening momentary precipitation of all into swamp water of unfathomable depth. I hold your Honor's official papers in one hand, with the other I maintain insecure balance. Ramsan holds with both hands to rope. Mahout prods elephant in vain, using improper words."

"There is something extremely heroic in the way he is holding on to your papers," I said. "Ramsan and the mahout do not compare favorably with him. Please notice that. The sub-deputy does not wish to make a point of their cowardice, but he trusts to you to read between the lines."

The collector grinned and read on:

"12.12 P.M. Elephant is stuck permanently in swamp and is immovable. Loss of all concerned is threatened. N.B.—I have the honor to report conduct of jungly villager—who has hastily disappeared—as worthy of punishment owing to ignorant misdirecting of official party by word of mouth. 12.13 P.M. Observations show that elephant has now sunk two inches beyond original sinkage. Ramsan ex-

hibits craven mind and wishes to dismount and pull for the shore. I abjure all to stick to the ship (i.e. pad of elephant), pointing out at same time that swamp is infested with crocodiles (visible, two fish-eating ditto; invisible, man-eating ditto; query, how many?). I hold always your Honor's official papers in unemployed hand. 12.15 P.M. I have to report mutinous conduct of Ramsan, who, lowering himself by tail of elephant, has swum ashore and is now drying clothes in sun, having precariously run blockade of imperceptible crocodiles. 12.20 P.M. Mahout threatens to depart for the land. I strongly deprecate and forbid desertion of superior officer, the elephant and your Honor's official papers. Mahout arguing that elephant might be rescued if help was obtainable, and that in all cases he will no longer remain to sink with ship, I give involuntary permission to depart. 12.21 P.M. Mahout has reached shore and is now drying garment in company with chuprassie. Sudden appearance of man-eating crocodile (length—estimated from snout visible at some distance>equals fourteen feet) adds greatly to dangers of swim ashore, especially to those who like undersigned are unaccomplished to swim. I therefore sit tight guarding your Honor's official papers. Heat of sun extreme. Many teal floating on waters of jheel."

"There's observation for you in the hour of peril," said the collector.

"But look here," I said, mystified. "How has he managed to put all this down on paper minute by minute as it happened? I suppose it would be possible, but I shouldn't somehow have suspected the sub-deputy of the requisite sang-froid."

"Nor would anybody," asserted the collector. "Of course he's written it all up afterwards. The time-table's only a fine journalistic touch done by guesswork. We are just getting to where he lets that cat out of the bag. Listen":

"12.30 P.M. I beg to report elephant

has sunk a further three inches, but is quiescent. I have therefore taken opportunity to abstract paper from bag and begin report to your Honor as above, hoping to forward by trusted messenger if same appears. At present no hope. Position of affairs. (1.) Mahout and chuprassie drying garments in sun. (2.) Self alone upon pad of elephant writing report. Latter bearing notable resemblance to that of character in well-known poem. I refer to moving lines of gifted poetess:

"The boy stood on the burning deck

Whence all but he had fled"—

owing to mistaken instructions of absent Father. Your Honor standing in same loco but having left no orders except to proceed by elephant to village of Rajganj—now an impossibility—duty is clear to remain on elephant, thereby avoiding destruction by man-eater of self and your Honor's official papers. 12.33 P.M. Villager makes distant appearance. I order mahout and chuprassie to bring same within conversational limit. They pursue instanter. 12.35 P.M. Villager makes reluctant approach by scruff of neck and receives injunctions to swim to elephant and bear despatches to your Honor relating to catastrophe. 12.36 P.M. Disinclinement of villager who fears man-eater. 12.39. After lecture by undersigned on duty to Emperor George, your Honor and God Almighty, and short statement of nature of punishment on failure of compliance with orders, villager swims to elephant. 12.40 P.M. I hurriedly conclude despatches by reporting that your Honor's official papers are still safe but unpleasant disaster threatened if rescue not afforded within reasonable hours. 12.41 P.M. Last words. God save your Honor, also Emperor George.

"Your obedient servant,

B. P. Ghose,

Sub-deputy Collector."

"Is that all?" I enquired as the collector subsided against the tree-trunk, slightly exhausted from the strain of reading.

"Positively the last words," said the collector. "I suppose we shall have to

go and see about pulling him out now. Confound him!"

"If he is still alive," I said reproachfully.

"Alive!"

"Do you mean that he isn't in any danger?"

The collector doubted it.

"It'll be a considerable work getting the elephant out," he said heartlessly, "and I suppose there is just a chance that it might sink at the end of some hours; if it's really properly bogged. In that case Ramsan would see that the sub-deputy was got ashore. The mahout's calmness points to the fact that there is no immediate risk. Besides, this boy"—he indicated the runner who had brought the report and who was squatting comfortably on his haunches a little way off—"thinks that the elephant is not very deep, and says that Ramsan and the mahout thought it could be pulled out if they could get some other elephants to do the pulling. Apparently Ramsan was going off to try to borrow a couple from a Babu who lives in some village not far off. He may be on the scene by now. Still, I imagine something will go wrong if we don't turn up personally. Hang the sub-deputy for not leaving the mahout to go his own way."

"His intentions were good," I pleaded.

"They always are," said the collector bitterly. "But see what they amount to"—he tapped the sheet of foolscap—"the boy says that when he left him he was writing another report."

"The sooner we rescue him, then, the better," I said.

The collector shouted for the syce to bring the ponies, and having given instructions to the bearer to go forward with our baggage to the village at which we were due that night, mounted and bade the boy lead us to the jheel which, he had gathered, could not be much more than five miles away.

"An extra ten miles for the ponies," grumbled the collector. "But I suppose it might be worse."

The boy ran before us lightly, and we trotted after him at a pace which, assuming the sub-deputy to be *in articulo mortis*, was not dashing. However, as the collector pointed out, it was no good laying the ponies up. This practical reflection prevented me from lamenting our Lycidas prematurely, and indeed I remember that I was in good spirits and smoked a second cheroot as I rode. Yet heartlessness is not my leading characteristic.

The jheel, it turned out, lay considerably off the route we had taken in the morning, so much so that the collector was of the opinion that either the chuprassie or the mahout had had business of his own in that direction—business only dubiously connected with the Government service.

"Possibly they were going to take an hour or two off to do some tax-collecting on their own account, while the sub-deputy busily wrote a book on the manners and customs of the district," he suggested. "This looks like getting to the jheel."

Five minutes later, following a firm path between tall grasses and squishy bog, we sighted an extensive jheel covered in the distance with hosts of water-birds; but it was not until we reached the far end of it and turned a bend hidden by the giant reeds that we came upon the scene of the disaster.

In the middle of a small swamp, that was a sort of backwater of the main jheel, the elephant stood sunk to its shoulders. It was evidently in a resigned or hopeless state, for its small eyes were partially closed, its trunk curled limply, its tail was submerged, and its whole body motionless. Not thus limp was the sub-deputy collector, who sat in the centre of the pad. He had evidently decided that there

was no further danger of sudden plunges from the elephant, for he had resigned his hold on the rope and arranged himself in a picturesque posture fronting the shore, on which half a dozen grown-up villagers and as many children had assembled and were squatting and watching him apathetically. The exact posture is difficult to describe. It was a sitting posture, at once stiff but majestic. In his left hand he held a bunch of papers, which I rightly concluded were the official papers already referred to; in his right a large pencil. On his knees, which were hunched up before him, was about a quire of foolscap at which he wrote at intervals. I say "at which" rather than "on which," because, in order not to take any risks from overbalancing, he only wrote with one hand and would not bend so as to get comfortably near his paper. I think, too, that he was trying to impress the crowd, for whenever some profound thought struck him, he jabbed so airily at the foolscap and wore such an important frown that he almost seemed to be saying, "This is the way we have in Government service. No difficulties deter us. We write to the last gasp."

He had not seen us coming round the corner, so that we were able to watch the birth and inscription of several ideas. I particularly liked the bend of his shoulders and the solar topee thrust well forward on his head.

"Napoleon on the *Bellerophon*," I murmured to the collector, who, unmoved by the comparison, called sharply:

"What's all this nonsense, Babu? Why don't you come ashore?"

"As I say, the sub-deputy had not seen us, and the sudden and not altogether amiable hail made him jump so that his attitude became quite unstudied and his topee nearly fell off into the water. He managed, however, to

catch it with the hand that held the pencil, and, bowing courteously from the neck, said in his genial and most effusive manner:

"Your Honor! This is great kindness indeed—very great kindness. But such is invariable and expected habitude of your Honor to all subordinate members of staff. Only belief in your Honor's magnanimity and certainty to return to rescue—"

"Yes, yes," said the collector, with more than a trace of impatience in his voice; "but I want to know why you haven't come ashore?"

"Your Honor," returned the sub-deputy swiftly and, if possible, still more genially, "I have to report lamentable catastrophe—due firstly to treacherous and ignorant direction of villager, secondly to obstinate behavior of Ramsan, who—"

"I know all that," said the collector; "but why don't you come ashore?"

"Because, your Honor," replied the sub-deputy as if pained, "I have to report that this elephant is sunk."

"You're not sunk," said the collector.
"No, no," said the sub-deputy, allowing a graceful smile to play about his features in case this might be a witticism, "but I have to report to your Honor that dangers of sinking are considerable, depth of swamp varying from—" his unoccupied hand shot out eagerly for his manuscript—"firstly, probable depth beyond elephant—"

"The depth on this side of the elephant is the only thing that matters," interrupted the collector.

"That is very true, your Honor," said the sub-deputy with a deferential smile. "Probable depth this side of elephant is—"

"Is three feet at the outside," said the collector.

"Not including depth of submerged mud, your Honor," insisted the sub-deputy eagerly. "Probable depth of mud—"

"Blow the mud," said the collector. "The mahout and chuprassie came ashore all right."

"But they have ability to swim," urged the sub-deputy. "Also, being ignorant men they ignored danger from man-eaters."

"Fudge!" said the collector. "There's no danger from man-eaters whatever."

The sub-deputy had an enormous chest, which he inflated to its fullest capacity before he answered.

"I do not fear man-eaters for myself, your Honor. But as I have stated to mahout and chuprassie respectively, I am responsible bearer of your Honor's official papers. If seized by man-eater—"

The sub-deputy collector left his sentence unfinished, a slight quaver in his voice indicating the extent of the calamity which was in that case to be looked for. I think it touched the collector's heart. I think we both realized that while a certain sensitiveness as regarded his own person might have helped to determine the sub-deputy not to plunge in among the crocodiles of his imagination, the real deciding factor was the fear of risking the precious official papers.

"I can't think what he's got hold of," the collector murmured to me. "I'm positive there were no papers of the slightest value on the elephant."

"He's got a bundle of some sort," I pointed out.

"Still, he must come ashore," insisted the collector. "What is it?" he added to an old villager, who had come up and begun jabbering and gesticulating. "Two elephants arriving, are they? That settles it then. They'll want to begin hauling at once." He turned once more to the sub-deputy and shouted, "You must come ashore now. Ramsan is bringing up other elephants to haul this one out. There may be a lot of plunging, and then where would you be?"

"But, your Honor—" began the sub-deputy in great agitation.

The collector cut him short.

"I quite appreciate," he said, "the spirit you have shown in looking after my papers, but you must bear in mind that the safety of a Government official—especially one who has shown such care and consideration as yourself, Babu"—the sub-deputy acknowledged this compliment with an anxious, but gratified, smile and a nervous lifting of his solar topee—"is much more important than any papers. I now order you to come ashore. If anything happens to the papers on the way, I shall bear the responsibility."

"Yes, your Honor, I come," said the sub-deputy collector, with a groan.

"One of the natives will go into the water and will beat it with a stick," added the collector. "As you know, this will drive away any crocodile there could possibly be. Never mind about the papers; you can leave them behind."

"I shall bring them, your Honor," said the sub-deputy; and with the grim face of one leading a forlorn hope, gathered up all his documents in one hand, and with the other let himself down by the elephant's tail into the mud.

Only a large-sized camera could have done justice to that shoreward struggle. It was slow, because the mud was undoubtedly soft and the sub-deputy undoubtedly heavy. Actually the water came up to his waist, but the demeanor of the sub-deputy somehow suggested bottomless depths, not to mention innumerable crocodiles. I doubt if there was any big enough in the jheel to pull him down; but if there had been, it would not have had the added satisfaction of pulling down the official papers, for the sub-deputy held these high above his head, and would, I am convinced, so have held them till he was dragged under. His progress became a

little less impressive as the swamp became shallower, but it remained fine enough for me up to the very last moment, when, having attained dry land, he puffed out his chest once more, strode manfully up to the collector, and said:

"I beg to present your Honor's official papers. Also, later notes made on back of sunk elephant."

"That's all right," said the collector. "Now you'd better try and dry yourself while they're getting out the elephant. Next time you're on an elephant in a swamp, Babu, you'd do well to trust the elephant and not the people."

"Certainly, your Honor," said the sub-deputy agreeably, "I shall do so."

It was not until the elephant had been got out with considerable difficulty, and we had mounted again and begun to retrace our steps in the direction of the village we had started for that morning, that the collector be-thought him of the bundle of documents which the sub-deputy had presented to him. He had stuffed them into his coat-pocket, and now he pulled them out with the remark:

"I think I'll get rid of some of this. I don't think we shall need the sub-deputy's further notes, for example."

He detached the foolscap sheets, which the sub-deputy had so convulsively written from the burning deck, and dropped them into a wayside patch of grass.

"Don't make a mistake and throw away the official papers," I warned him.

"Oh, they're specially tied up with string," he said. "I wonder what they are."

He dropped the reins on the pony's neck and untied the string, and unfolded before my curious gaze the following articles: 1. An old toothbrush of his own. He had meant to leave it

behind, but the bearer must have found it and wrapped it in an old sheet of the *Pioneer*. 2. One of those highly scented and padded Christmas cards which important Zemindars are in the habit of sending in to the district magistrate with the compliments of the season (this the collector, who dislikes scent, had also endeavored to abandon in the wilderness). 3. The cover wrappings of two sevenpenny novels which, by the brightness of their coloring had evidently appealed to the bearer and been deemed by him worthy of preservation.

The collector is not sentimental, and
The Cornhill Magazine.

as he heaved this curious assortment also into the jungle he muttered words derogatory to his official subordinates in general and to the sub-deputy in particular.

"All the same," he said in an apologetic sort of way as we trotted forward through the cool of the evening, "I believe he would have taken a bite from a crocodile rather than lose what he thought to be official papers."

"I'm sure he would," I agreed. "And that's the main thing. It's the hero himself and not his achievements that gives us hope for the future."

R. E. Vernede.

THE AVENGERS.

(*To our Soldiers in the field.*)

Not only that your cause is just and right—
This much was never doubted; war or play,
We go with clean hands into any fight;
That is our English way;—

Not this high thought alone shall brace your thews
To trample under heel those Vandal hordes
Who laugh when blood of mother and babe imbrues
Their damned craven swords.

But here must be hot passion, white of flame,
Pure hate of this unutterable wrong,
Sheer wrath for Christendom so sunk in shame,
To make you trebly strong.

These smoking hearths of fair and peaceful lands,
This reeking trail of deeds abhorred of Hell,
They cry aloud for vengeance at your hands,
Ruthless and swift and fell.

Strike, then—and spare not—for the innocent dead
Who lie there, stark beneath the weeping skies,
As though you saw your dearest in their stead
Butchered before your eyes.

And though the guiltless pay for others' guilt
Who preached these brute ideals in camp and Court;
Though lives of brave and gentle foes be split,
That loathe this coward sport;

On each, without distinction, worst or best,
Fouled by a nation's crime, one doom must fall;
Be you its instrument, and leave the rest
To God, the Judge of all.

Let it be said of you, when sounds at length
Over the final field the victor's strain:—
"They struck at infamy with all their strength,
And earth is clean again!"

Punch.

Owen Seaman.

LOUVAIN.

Hardly a month ago as the calendar counts, but in a remote and irrecoverable age as we count mentally, people were signing manifestos on behalf of German culture, philosophy and science. How can a grateful world, they asked, go to war with the great nation to whom civilization owes so much, in art and literature, and so on? The signatories of that appeal must now look back at their hasty generalizations aghast, all their preconceptions shivered by the word Louvain. For them and many of us remains the problem of explaining the psychology of the deed that will make Louvain a watchword and a synonym down many centuries.

Such a deed, discounting the initial panic confusion of sudden shots in the dark and the natural cry of treachery, can be explained only in one way. Presumably most people, irrespective of nationality, lose their heads in much the same manner. Sheer blundering terror and fury goads them to sudden and unreasoning courses. National peculiarities no doubt assert themselves in details and degrees of panic or savagery. The Teuton character under such an ordeal of unforeseen disaster must be gauged by the first steps in the Louvain tragedy, by the desperate ferocity with which the German soldiers turned upon the city while under the impression that the

citizens had attacked them. And if their conduct in circumstances of unnerving sudden fear can be fairly estimated from this specimen of instinctive behavior, no less certainly the methodical development of that panic—the deliberate and almost mathematical vengeance wreaked on herded victims and on the illustrious university city—is a typical characteristic of this amazing people. If on the score of Beethoven and Kant it is permissible to classify the German race as the protagonist of civilizing influences and reason, it is legitimate to conclude that the quality in it that has made Louvain a cry to heaven is also a special Prussian characteristic.

This characteristic is chiefly a brutal unimaginativeness, an imperviousness to the refining and spiritual influences that lie within. Nothing else will account for the incredible stupidity, to take no higher ground, of this crime. For long after this war is over, long after the map has been adjusted and the whole dread business, as it were, pickled in history books, the word Louvain will be quick and incomparably eloquent. All other stories of the conduct and achievements of the German soldiery in Belgium will in time fade in the world's memory to an unverifiable tradition, but Louvain will live as the concrete monument to Prussian mentality. So

that the German people for centuries to come will be at a disadvantage in world intercourse, having that word against them, a dishonor and humiliation.

To conceive of the stupidity that only saw in the destruction of Louvain a deterrent example is perhaps as difficult as to realize that Berlin received the news with joy. If we put Cambridge and Oxford for Louvain we get a fair idea of the calibre of German mental development. But to the scholarly signification of our university cities is added, in the case of Louvain, an ecclesiastical and artistic association. And so unimaginative and shortsighted were the Germans, so mechanical and so untouched by what I have called the spiritual meaning that lies behind surface facts, that they saw in Louvain nothing extraordinary, nothing sacred. Its perfect examples of a spiritual age of architecture, its colleges, St. Pierre, its library, things in their way unique and hallowed, affected the destroyers in but the crudest fashion. A malignant schoolboy or a Kaffir servant seeking to take vengeance would doubtless smash whatever seemed to him most precious and destructible, some prized and delicate *objet d'art*. Apparently the highly trained and efficient German mind views things in the same light, incapable of feeling the humane and aesthetic appeal of a city such as Louvain, seeing no further than the immediate hour.

This mechanical condition and lack of imagination can be traced in all the salient features of German conduct in the war. Whether it be in the Kaiser's farcical annexation of the Almighty, in the stonelike spirit of the War Office that prefers to use its soldiers in solid columns as though they were sacks stuffed with flesh, or in the comic triumphal procession into Brussels, the same kind of intellec-

tual and imaginative dullness carries through, so that we find ourselves seriously wondering what earthly use have philosophy, art and progressive science been to Germany. It is too easy to obscure clear thought in times like these, and to fall back on the partialities and hatreds Louvain aroused. But may we not in illustration of what we conceive to be a fundamental difference of racial characteristics fairly cite the conduct of our sailors, who while under fire put off in lifeboats to pick up the drowning enemy? To a people who can regard such an undertaking as an ordinary, even obvious, duty the ideals that have built up civilization are clearly not external; they would seem to have become part of their mental habit and to cause their normal actions. Louvain, I think, is warrant for deducing that the real quality inherent in civilization, when we strip off illusory appearances, has not become part of the Prussian normal fibre. In the same way, though it is perhaps but a small symptom, the bulk of contemporary German aesthetic criticism suggests that in art it is not the deep inherent quality that interests the writers, but something less vital and comparatively incidental. These things are difficult to explain, but what I mean is that the kind of interest most contemporary German critics bring to bear on art would do just as well for an arithmetical discussion.

Louvain, as far as one can tell, has passed out of the world, save as a constant symbol of Germany's mental and moral development in 1914. Louvain rebuilt can only be the child, the adopted child, of the ancient city and all that it meant. But when the war is done some special token of penance and reparation must surely be enforced from the destroyer. Obviously no monetary indemnity will be adequate; something more the equivalent of what has been wiped out must

be sacrificed by Germany. I am unable to say what losses have been suffered in books and manuscripts, nor do I remember what paintings and sculpture may have been destroyed. The murdered citizens, among them men of great eminence and learning—they will go down to posterity as martyrs of a monstrous and unparalleled crime. But, as a correspondent in the "Times" suggests, Germany has something with which to make partial amends in kind. With extraordinary thoroughness the German galleries have amassed many of the very finest Netherlandish Primitives. How fit, on the whole, German people are to profit by art, how little venerable to them is the spirit of devotion that kindles their expensive masterpieces of the great Netherlandish masters, is proved by Louvain. One of the greatest of these masters, Dierick Bouts, was indeed a son of Louvain, a contemporary of the Hôtel de Ville. Many of his

choicest pieces are in German hands, and I need not here recount the works by the Van Eycks, by Hugo van der Groes and Memlinc spread over their galleries.

The Germans, with that incredible and unimaginative stupidity to which I have referred, have threatened Brussels with the annexation of her pictures to make up the war indemnity. They have threatened this (at least, so it is reported) with the smoke of Louvain yet on the horizon. But will there not be something nobly just and dignified in their action if the triumphant Powers insist when peace is made that the crime of Louvain be met by ceding to her, to form a gallery that would at once rank with the finest in the world, the most beautiful examples that Germany possesses of that Netherlandish culture and intellect which she has now so signally outraged.

C. H. Collins Baker.

The Saturday Review.

THE GERMAN COLONIES.

On Wednesday, August 26th, the German authorities in Togoland made an unconditional surrender, and the country was formally handed over into British hands. Already before this date the main objective of the British move, a powerful wireless telegraphy station in the interior, had been destroyed. This small country, the scene of the first colonial incident in the great war, is the only German colony that has reached the self-supporting stage. It is situated on the West Coast of Africa, between the Gold Coast and French Dahomey. The coast line is about 32 miles long, but the inland territory widens between the Volta and Monu Rivers to three or four times that breadth. The colony has an area of 33,600 square miles, and

a population of 368 whites and 1,030,000 natives. Annexed by Germany in 1884, the progress of the colony has been slow but steady. Last year, however, was checked by a severe drought, and the exports fell by over 50 per cent. The chief products are palm oil and palm kernels, cocoa and maize, while cotton-growing has been encouraged by the German Government. The climate at the coast is unhealthy for Europeans.

Togoland is the smallest unit of the German colonial empire. With its other colonies, the Cameroons, German South-West and East Africa, and the German South Sea Islands, not including Kiau-Chau (Tsing-tau), this empire covers an area of nearly 1,158,000 square miles, or about six

times the area of the German Empire itself, but the density of the population is small, the total native population amounting to 12 millions, while the total number of Europeans in 1913 was less than 25,000.

The Cameroons (Kamerun) is situated on the West Coast of Africa between Nigeria and the French Congo, and covers, after the increase in territory which Germany received in 1911 as a compensation for the French concessions in Morocco, an area of 191,000 square miles. There is a white population of 1,870 and 2,600,000 natives. The railway facilities are poor, and the colony has also suffered from the rubber crisis. In 1912 the commerce of the Cameroons amounted to over £2,850,000, the chief exports being cocoa, £212,500; palm oil and copra, £300,000; and timber, £35,000. The export of bananas is also rapidly increasing. Of the total exports 90 per cent go to Germany and 10 per cent to England. Of the imports 15 per cent are of British origin. There are at present only 149 miles of railway, but several new lines are under construction, and the telegraph system is being rapidly extended. A new direct cable to Germany was opened in 1913. German South-West Africa, which lies between Portuguese West Africa and Cape Colony, covers an area of 322,450 square miles, and supports a population of 14,830 whites and 81,500 natives. The whole of the Southern part and much of the East is barren and desert. Judged by value, by far the most important industry is diamond-mining; the value of diamonds exported has risen from £2,550 in 1908, when they were first discovered, to £1,500,000 in 1912, and last year amounted to over £2,200,000. Cattle breeding, however, employs the greater proportion of colonists and natives, and the number of farms has considerably increased during the last few

years. There were in April, 1913, 1,300 farms of an average of 24,700 acres, worked by white farmers. In 1912 the total imports amounted to £1,598,000, and exports to £1,919,000, of which Germany took over 80 per cent and Great Britain less than 1 per cent in each case. This is partly accounted for by the fact that there is no freight steamer connection with the United Kingdom. During the past year the colony has experienced a shortage of money, and a Land Bank has been formed, with a capital of £500,000, for the purpose of lending to farmers on mortgage, particularly for water supply. German East Africa, situated between British East Africa on the North and Portuguese East Africa on the South, is the largest German colony, and covers 384,000 square miles—or twice the area of Germany. The population consists of 5,400 whites and 7,640,000 natives. Exports in 1913 amounted to £1,775,000, the most important product for export being sisal hemp, which has only recently been introduced. Rubber, of which there are over 19,000,000 trees, comes second, while hides, wax and gold are exported in large quantities. This colony also has been seriously affected by the fall in rubber prices. The military defences consist of 14 companies of native soldiers under the command of white officers; their total strength is about 2,500 native troops, with 260 white officers. In the Pacific Ocean Germany has as its colonies or dependencies Kaiser Wilhelm's Land, the Bismarck group, the Caroline, the Pelew, the Marianne, the Solomon, and the Marshall Islands, and among the Samoan group the islands of Savaii and Upolu. Her total Pacific possessions have an area of 96,000 square miles, with a population of 2,000 whites and 634,000 natives. The chief exports from these districts are copra and phosphates, which contribute 90

per cent of the total exports. There is also a little rubber, cocoa, tobacco, &c., exported. Of all Germany's colonies, those in the South Seas are the best administered. The natives are carefully treated, better certainly than on the French Islands, and as well, say many observers, as on the English. Nevertheless, the Germans are decidedly unpopular among their South Sea subjects, as, indeed, in almost every part of their colonial empire.

Kiau-Chau, the reason or excuse of
The Economist.

the Japanese declaration of war against Germany, is situated on the East coast of the province of Shantung, and covers an area of 200 square miles. It has been under German administration since 1899 on a lease of 999 years. There is a mixed population of 169,000, and the chief town, Tsingtau, has a garrison of 3,125, composed of German marines and Chinese soldiers. The chief export is coal, followed by silk, sago-beans and oil-cake, and recently cotton has been exported.

THE METHOD OF TERROR.

When we first read of German "atrocities" most of us shrugged our shoulders and said to ourselves that here was the familiar old thing again. In all warfare the physical combat is regularly accompanied by a secondary campaign of vilification in each country, and a normal part of this vilification consists in the hasty acceptance, repetition, and exaggeration of every possible rumor to the discredit of an enemy. The German press got in a good blow at a very early stage by arresting and executing, on paper, a French doctor charged with putting microbes in the water. We have no doubt even now that a good percentage of the worst charges against the Germans are no better authenticated than this. But as to some exceedingly grave allegations it is no longer possible to maintain the same attitude. The Germans themselves have made it impossible. In reply to a string of the most serious accusations by the Belgian Government they set forth an apologia which took the trouble to deny nothing, but simply explained that, owing to their position in a hostile country, certain examples were necessary which, by their "terribleness," would secure their safety once and for good.

This manifesto places such acts as the destruction of Louvain and Dinant, and the wholesale shooting of innocent non-combatants, on a different plane from those severities of ordinary warfare which pass the boundaries of the permissible and are known as atrocities. This appalling statement the Kaiser endorses in a telegram to President Wilson, in which he describes these acts as "unavoidable" retorts to the defence of their homes by Belgian civilians.

Atrocities, of course, occur in all wars. Fear, excitement, and the battle-passion account for them in various proportions, and there will not be a million men gathered together without a certain number of individuals among them capable, under these influences, of acting like fiends. A very few real acts of horror perpetrated by a handful of men are quite adequate backing for the stories of outrage and massacre, and to such stories little credence should be attached unless they can be thoroughly sifted by impartial authority, a condition scarcely to be realized in war-time. In quite a different category are acts authorized by commanders and sanctioned from headquarters. As to these the ad-

mitted rules of international law are hard enough. True, they are supposed to protect the non-combatants, and in theory the difference between modern and ancient or medieval warfare is that no one except the actual combatant is now supposed to be injured. The ordinary inhabitant is not to be slain or enslaved or robbed. But even in theory this immunity is subject to one condition. Practically anything is held allowable which is necessary to the safety of the army and ultimate success in war. Hence, in South Africa, for example, it was deemed permissible to lay waste the entire country, concentrating the non-combatants in enclosed camps, because there was no method of bringing the war to an end except that of depriving the enemy of all supplies.

Of all dangers and difficulties in a hostile country, however, the most obvious and insistent is that of attack by the non-military population. Custom has always recognized a right of savage reprisal—the burning of a house and possibly even of a village from which troops were fired on. But even in 1870 the Germans were marked for the severity with which they interpreted this rule, and in the present war they have outdone anything recorded of a civilized nation in modern times. We do not forget that there were some terrible sacks in the Peninsular War, but these were the work of a frenzied soldiery. The destruction of Louvain and Dinant was done on principle. If every word of the German defence of the burning of Louvain were true, it would not excuse the destruction of one of the treasures of civilization or the massacre of men who had themselves no part in the firing on German soldiers. It is a horror which will live in history like the sack of Magdeburg or the "Spanish fury" at Antwerp. It will

stand out as the complete and perfect expression of a theory of government, of conduct, and of life. It is the supreme example and pattern of the doctrine of super-morality, to which the disregard of Belgian neutrality was but a faint, and so to say, impersonal prelude. The German, individually a kind and rather sentimental being, has been indoctrinated by a long succession of teachers and rulers from Hegel to Treitschke, from Treitschke to the last leader in the "Cologne Gazette," with the belief that the will of the German State, as embodied in the Prussian ruling caste, is a kind of divine being for whom the German lives, to whom he owes unlimited obedience, apart from whom he recognizes no human right. There are other States which may similarly be gods to their people, but the German State god reck not of them. So did the servant of Yahveh admit that Chemosh gave Moab his land, and might well enough be served by a Moabite, but neither Chemosh nor the individual Moabite had any right or title to consideration as against Yahveh.

In the name of this State-Moloch all things are sanctified. What stands in its way must go down. The steamroller shall go over it, and its place shall know it no more. The individual German is sacrificed to it no less ruthlessly; shock tactics, the limitless waste of individual life, is just its military expression. Even the paternal kindness of Moloch in peace is but another face of the same thing, for its ultimate object is to breed up and foster the individual, not for himself, nor for God, nor for humanity, but to add a unit to the sum of the forces at the disposal of the State for the advancement of its glory and the extension of its dominions. This, in brief, is the dehumanized, demoralized version of life which has so profoundly influenced the thought of the

modern world, and which is now brought to the test of war. The battle, be its origin what it may, is now at issue between the idea of humanity the intelligent responsible individual, of national right and international obligation on the one side, and that of

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the State-machine deity on the other. It is said that no theory can make men good, but it is proved that a theory can make them bad, and it is that theory which—so far true to itself—has appealed to the arbitrament of war.

WHAT WILL RUMANIA DO?

By CHEDO MIYATOVICH, formerly Servian Minister at the Court of St. James's.

As Servia's Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary to Rumania, having been often and most graciously received by King Carol for political, philosophical, and literary conversations, on one occasion I took the liberty to ask His Majesty what was the secret of his success in Rumania? The King answered: "Thank God I succeeded in winning the confidence and attachment of the Rumanian people by patience, hard work, my own devotion to the people, and my faith in the great destiny of Rumania!" I quote these remarkable words of the King because in all probability within the next two or three weeks Rumania will have to decide which party her army of 500,000 well-equipped, well-trained, and brave soldiers is to help to victory, and that decision will depend in very great measure on the personal character of the King.

The King's position is very difficult. Although he and his wife, Queen Carmen Sylva, are ardent Rumanian patriots, both he and she are at the bottom of their hearts Germans, he being a Hohenzollern and she a Princess of Neu-Wied. The high society of Rumania is decidedly Francophile. The lower clergy, and with them the mass of common people, are Russo-phile, belonging to the same Eastern Orthodox Church. Most of the officers of the Army have been trained in France and have French sympathies,

but a great many higher officers have been trained in Germany, and have a great idea of German power and culture. Among the leading statesmen and politicians I have met many who believed that their nation, belonging to the great Latin family and being a sister-nation to Italy, France, and Spain, ought naturally to cling to the leading Latin nation, France. But not a few of her statesmen, and perhaps the most influential ones, were of a different opinion. They thought that Rumania, being cut away from her ethnical sisters, ought to be guided not by sentimental motives but by her practical political interests. Rumania, according to their arguments, was a comparatively small Latin island in the great Slavonic sea, which, even in the time of peace, simply by pacific penetration, menaces to submerge it. They assured me that up to the time of the Crimean War the Rumanian language was a mixture of Latin and Slavonic words. I was told that the time was not long ago when out of every dozen Rumanian words seven were of Latin and fully five of Slavonic origin! They believed that Russia cannot abandon her traditional policy to become the mistress of Constantinople and of the Balkan Peninsula; and if not before, then certainly after, her success in that policy she will absorb Rumania. And therefore, according to that argumentation,

Rumania ought to side with those Powers which have a clear interest to prevent Russia becoming the mistress of the Balkan Peninsula, and thereby the mistress of Rumania too. Those Powers being England, Germany, and Austria, the Rumanian policy was to lean on the so-called Teutonic Powers.

But such a policy did not find for a long time a sympathetic echo either in the Press or in the Francophile high society, or in the Russophile mass of the Rumanian people. It would probably never have found a practical expression if the Russian policy had not committed a grave mistake which practically drove Rumania into the arms of Austria and Germany. Although Rumania saved the Russian Army from a perilous position between Plevna and Shumla, and although the Rumanian Army by taking Grivitsa decided the fall of Plevna, Russia at the Congress of Berlin, 1878, insisted that Rumania should cede to Russia the Rumanian provinces of Bessarabia. It is true Russia and other Great Powers gave to Rumania a territorial compensation in Dobrucha, inhabited by Turks and Bulgars, but still, cession of Bessarabia was a very sore point with the Rumanians of all parties. It really poisoned friendly relations between Rumania and Russia for a long time. The political ideal of every patriotic Rumanian is to unite Bessarabia and Transylvania with the present kingdom of Rumania. The question was only which of those two Rumanian provinces (the first one belonging to Russia, the other to Austria-Hungary) should be taken as the first and immediate object. It would be too long to tell here all the arguments for one or other of these two alternative policies. The friends of Russia recommended alliance with Russia against Austria for the delivery of Transylvania; the friends of the Triple Alliance pleaded for an al-

liance with Austria against Russia for the liberation of Bessarabia. It is, however, quite sufficient to remember that in the early nineties of the last century Rumania concluded a military Convention with Austria, and thereby became a sort of outside ally of the Triple Alliance.

The text of that secret Convention is naturally not known. It is surmised that *casus foederis* is sub-conditioned to an actual attack by Russia, endangering the existence of the one or other Allies. That condition has not yet been fulfilled. The rumors were circulating last year that the Convention was to be renewed then, and was not renewed at the refusal of Rumania, which was hurt by the lukewarm support of Austria in the Dobrucha question. It was well known that, this year more especially, France and Russia made great and determined efforts to detach Rumania from Austria and the Triple Alliance. The brilliant climax of those efforts was the visit of the Tsar to King Carol in Constanza this summer, and the reports of the imminent engagement of the son of the Rumanian Crown Prince to one of the daughters of the Tsar. Apparently nothing came out of all those efforts, Russia being unable to agree to all the conditions of the Rumanian statesmen. From the very beginning of the war Rumania has retained the liberty of her action. It was from the beginning somewhat suspicious that she did not declare herself to be neutral. She mobilized and said she would watch, and her further conduct will be determined by the events of her own interests. Within the last ten days fresh efforts have been made in Bucharest, both by Austria and Germany, and by Russia and France, to obtain the co-operation of the Rumanian Army. According to my information, King Carol considers himself in honor bound to support Germany and Austria, and thinks that

support would agree with the best interests of the Rumanian nation. The old arguments of the Panslavonic sea swallowing up the small Latin island have been revived. The dismemberment and annihilation of the Austro-Hungarian Empire is now represented as a danger to Rumania, and old Palacky's axiom that if Austria did not exist it would have to be invented is revived. All these arguments are certainly not convincing, and some of the leading Rumanian statesmen are still hesitating for which policy to declare themselves. But according to my information and knowledge of circum-

stances, there is just at present an acute crisis in Bucharest, and we ought not to be surprised if two or three weeks later we see Rumania join Austria and Germany against Russia, or hear that King Carol has abdicated in favor of his nephew Ferdinand, whose wife is a British Princess, being the daughter of the Duke of Edinburgh and granddaughter of the Russian Tsar Alexander II. One thing is in my opinion absolutely certain, that Rumania cannot and will not join Russia against Germany and Austria as long as King Carol sits on the throne of Rumania.

The Outlook.

A CITY AT WAR.

London changes day by day, and the London of the first few days of the war lies far in the past, distant for all of us by differently measured aeons of time. The trainloads of troops, the horses, the hurry, the altered railway service, the packed streets, the questioning crowds, the visible stress and strain of meeting the new conditions and the new standards of the world—these are gone. London instead is very quiet, and exceedingly hard at work. The noise of preparation has ceased, and now the silence that has followed has a quality of its own. There is a new sound in it, which a Londoner returning from travel would detect at once. It is not to be located or recognized easily, and that is because none of us have heard it before; but after listening for it and hearing it for some time, we may perhaps decide that it is a sound of purpose. A new and tremendously powerful engine has been started, and we are listening to the dynamos.

The quiet of purpose fits the time of the year. The steady sunshine of late summer has been poured over London

day after day. The chestnut trees in the parks are already brown and bare; the plane trees have spread a thin, rustling carpet of leaves drifting over the grass and gravel. Vapor shimmers to the chimneys from tar and asphalt and motor-bus. Nobody would take a walk along these white and sunlit pavements for choice, but they are not empty because Londoners are taking holidays elsewhere; witness the deserted sands and parades of the seaside. They are empty because nobody is strolling with nothing particular to do; nobody is looking about, or walking up and down, or casually shopping: the customers in the shops are spending their money carefully, and on things which many of them have not bought before. The shops offer new goods, or goods for new purposes; packages to be sent to the front, "service" this and that, barrels of cigars and tobacco duty free; some of them try to attract customers by pasting photographs of war incidents in their windows, with the kind of letterpress made familiar by the illustrated papers. But no one stays long to look

at pictures; and for that matter, there are few passers-by. That is one of the curious aspects of the great streets of the West End; they are strangely empty. Driving on an omnibus and looking down at bare flagstones which are usually patterned with moving color, you think first of London on a Sunday morning: then you realize that the sun-blinds over the shops are down, and that under the sun-blinds the shops have dressed their windows as invitingly as they can. "Two hundred employees are dependent on the business of this establishment," you read in a rather obscure little window, and realize a little less vaguely the possibilities of a Relief Fund.

In the parks and gardens there is the same air of quiet. If the sands of the seaside are deserted, Kensington Gardens are not the more crowded for that reason. The Round Pond carries not a fleet, but hardly a dozen sail. A park-keeper blows vigorously on a whistle, commanding a distant figure cycling on the Broad Walk to "get off that bike"; the figure rides on, possibly with a message that will not wait. The Row is silent; some of its horses, perhaps, are outside Paris. Only opposite Knightsbridge Barracks is there any movement; there are rows of horses picketed on the wiry grass, and troopers smoking pipes and cleaning their accoutrements in the sunshine. A couple of grizzled onlookers, time-expired men to judge from the set of their heads, criticize the stamp of animal beyond the railings. "All right, that. . . . Bit of a mark, he'd be. . . . Gun horse, more, p'raps." From a window in the barracks behind floats a fragment of music, stopping suddenly: band practice fits well enough with so still a morning. Away from Knightsbridge, further east, the Park lies bathed in sunlight. By the head of the Serpentine rabbits and blackbirds hop

about the slope of a mown lawn; a woodpigeon coos in an elm, a Vaporer moth zigzags down between the boughs. You turn towards the traffic of the main street, and are confronted with two girls selling copies of *L'Echo de France*. In a signed article a French general discusses the value of the English Army as allied with the French. "Quels que soient les défauts d'organisation et de détails de l'armée anglaise, on oublie trop qu'ils sont, chez elle, compensés par des qualités de race qui font de l'Anglais un soldat redoutable." A familiar quotation follows: "L'infanterie anglaise est la plus redoutable de l'Europe; heureusement il n'y en a pas beaucoup."

There is to be more, in any case. Not much is to be seen of the new recruits in the parks. Regent's Park is as empty as Hyde Park; you can see by the turf near Albany Barracks where the horses have been picketed, and there are heaps of litter swept up under the trees; otherwise, except for a group of troopers by a fence, and a glimpse through the barrack-gates, a stranger would not guess the purpose of the long line of buildings. It was in the barrack yard only a few yards away that fourteen years ago the first squadrons of Imperial Yeomanry stood on parade, the day that the news came through from Spion Kop. To-day it is again "unmounted men preferred," with better reason. The unmounted men to be seen in London are mostly Territorials. You may be sure of coming across some of them, or of watching them from a distance, in the neighborhood of a large building on the east side of Tottenham Court Road. The Y.M.C.A. has a strong hold on the type of young Englishman who fills the ranks of the Territorials. The privates stand in groups in the street talking with their friends and relations; the rooms looking out on the road are full of them, smoking and reading the

papers; high above the street they are sitting on the broad ledges of masonry outside the windows, gazing down at the crowd and waving to acquaintances; all without any noise. They, of course, are in uniform; but in some ways the most striking additions to the ranks of the "unmounted men" are those without uniform. They stand in rows outside the recruiting stations, and glancing at them, you may speculate as to what will be the percentage of rejections. Some are plainly too young, and for that reason worth looking at. But there is not much doubt of the quality of those who pass the tests. These are not the type of the second lot of mounted infantry which were sent to South Africa. The drill-sergeants, surely, will have an easier task than usual. The great majority are the same class of men wherever you see them—at Great Scotland Yard, on the Horse Guards Parade, in the shade on the north side of St. Martin's Church in Trafalgar Square. On the Horse Guards Parade there is a ten-foot notice-board nailed on props driven into the gravel, and it is covered with papers with the names of recruits enlisted in the London district; across the papers there are notices written to the effect that these men are to parade before the despatch tents "after receiving pay" before proceeding by rail to the various depots. Inside a roped-off space there are tents, and a platform from which the names of the recruits are read out to the bystanders; as each man answers his name he is shown his place in the ranks by the platform. These men will be drilled in barrack-squares near and far—Colchester, Winchester, Hounslow. But there are other recruits whom any one may see drilling in London, and here and there in places which a month ago would have seemed unlikely enough. You may come up to London in the early morning over Waterloo Bridge,

perhaps, and turn to look down the river where H.M.S. "President" lies moored beyond the gray hull of the "Northampton," and there on the narrow terrace of Somerset House there are squads drilling under non-commissioned officers—some of these drill instructors in khaki and some in plain clothes. All the recruits are in their shirt-sleeves, some with straw hats, some bare-headed, and they drill not at all as other recruits have been seen to drill in other days. These are young men with a spring, who want to learn very quickly. They will be taught very quickly what they can learn on a stone terrace, and when they are taken into the open, they will move easily, being used to the space of cricket fields and football grounds. They are not quite so fortunate in their parade ground as some others—those whom you will find in the air and shade of Lincoln's Inn, for instance. But that is a matter of chance; there is no difference in the material, from the eyes and shoulders to the other evidence of boots, collars, hats. English games are making their contributions now, and will contribute more yet. "Quels que soient les défauts d'organisation et de détails," these are the soldiers who come forward to the proof. Into one custom of the British Army they initiate themselves without drill. The railway stations provide the time and place. There is always hurry at a railway station, and there are always crowds; the hurry is disconnected and the crowds are of individuals, with individual thoughts and cares. At intervals the crowd breaks, and the individuals stand aside; there is a sudden atmosphere of intention, of concerted movement; perhaps there is the heralding signal of a shout or the note of a song. A score of young men, marching two deep, swing up the platform; a train is waiting beyond the iron gates. After

an interval there is the familiar whistle of the guard, then the equally familiar slogan: "Are we down-hearted? No-o-o!" The train grows

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smaller in the sunlight beyond the platform, and the railway station, like the street outside, resumes its purpose and its quiet.

THE RALLY OF INDIA AND THE DOMINIONS.

Amid all the misery and suffering caused by the war the great rally of our colonies and of the Indian Empire to our side is, indeed, a gleam of sunshine; for it brings to us a clear and tangible proof of the success of the spirit of British administration. When the war began it is quite possible that the German Government hoped for embarrassments in Ireland, and it is more than probable that expectations of trouble in India and perhaps in some other British possessions played no small part in the Berlin conception of the British Empire at war. If this was the idea, disillusionment has come, speedy, complete, overwhelming. From Canada, Australia, and New Zealand generous offers of men and horses, money and gifts in kind came thick and fast. In each of these dominions the Government and the Press have promptly adopted our quarrel as their own. It is reported that 20,000 Canadian troops have already reached our shores, and more are to follow. The aid offered by South Africa is no less spontaneous and practical. The Union Government has called a special session, and proposes to raise a national volunteer force in order to release British troops for service at the front. With the material that we know to exist in South Africa this should not prove a difficult task. The Boer leaders have announced their eagerness to give the whole weight of their support to England. This fact will, when the history of these troublous times comes to be written, be hailed as the most signal

tribute to the wise and courageous statesmanship which gave a full measure of Home Rule to British South Africa while the war was still so recent and so bitter a memory. Nothing better could have been desired than General Botha's speech to the Parliament at Cape Town or the unanimous response which it evoked.

Encouraging as is the support offered by the colonies, we have to record with at least equal gratitude the magnificent rally of the Indian Empire. The long statement from the Viceroy read in both Houses of Parliament is a document that will live as a brilliant page in the story of this war. The statement tells in simple language of the willing and eager self-sacrifice of high and low, rich and poor, of men of every creed and of every tribe throughout the vast territories guided by British rule. "The rulers of the native States" telegraphs the Viceroy, "who number nearly seven hundred in all, have rallied with one accord to the defence of the Empire and offered their personal services and the resources of their States for the war." The keynote was struck by the inquiry of one native potentate, "What command has his Majesty for me and my troops?" His numerous colleagues on the native thrones follow one and all in the same spirit. The chiefs of Jodpur, Bikanir, Kishangarh, Rutlam, Sachin, Patiala, and others, including the veteran Sir Pertab Singh, have been selected by the Viceroy for active service, and have joined the Expeditionary Forces. Then

follows, in the Viceroy's statement, an enumeration of the offers and gifts of potentates and their followers, reminiscent of the Arabian Nights. The Imperial Service Troops maintained by 27 of the larger States were placed immediately at the disposal of the Government. A column could be filled with the record of spontaneous offers of treasures, horses, camels, and even private jewelry from north, south, east, and west, and from the farthest borders. But even more imposing is the following list, given only as "typical examples," of societies and communities offering service at the front or in India :—

The All India Moslem League, the Bengal Presidency Moslem League, the Moslem Association of Rangoon, the Trustees of the Aligarh College, the Behar Provincial Moslem League, the Central National Mahomedan Associa-

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tion of Calcutta, the Khoja Community and other followers of Aga Khan, the Punjab Moslem League, Mahomedans of Eastern Bengal, Citizens of Calcutta, Madras, Rangoon, and many other cities, Behar Landholders' Association, Madras Provincial Congress, Taluqdars of Oudh, Punjab Chiefs' Association, United Provinces Provincial Congress, Hindus of the Punjab Chief Khalsa Diwan representing orthodox Sikhs, Bohra Community of Bombay, Parsee Community of Bombay. The 70,000 Indian troops who have crossed the seas possess, we believe, the finest fighting qualities; and, what is even more important, they have behind them the moral support of every section of the vast concourse of our Indian fellow-subjects. The nation may be pardoned for regarding with pride this overwhelming proof of the wisdom and success of British rule in India.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

Those to whom the "problem" novel is an offence will be delighted with "Oh! James!" by H. M. Edginton, and those who like a hero with a love in every town will be equally pleased. James has more money than he can spend, and deliberately hires several ladies whose desires outrun their income to dispose of it. They fulfil his wishes with such speed and thoroughness that he finds himself obliged to refuse to give his wife a yacht and a second motor car, and is left with a blasting suspicion that she is a "rogue," by which gentle name he has called his co-partners in extravagance. A seventh lady, a widow who boxes his ears because he is not so bad as he seems, is, upon the whole, funnier than any of the other six, and the airy humor with which all this is

managed "by itself surprises." Every reader will imitate Mrs. James and cry "Oh! James!" when thinking upon the hard-working, honest gentleman. The book is clever. Little, Brown & Company.

The variety of subjects discussed by Mr. Mowry Saben in "The Spirit of Life" is very great, but he began to prepare himself for his chosen work by two years at Harvard and a year at Oxford, where he devoted himself chiefly to research in history and philosophy. Later, he visited nearly every State in the Union with the intention of learning of what subjects Americans were thinking and talking, and when he returned to the seaboard it was to lecture upon literature and philosophy in the principal cities. For

the last ten years he has been on the staff of newspapers, printed in many different States, and journalists will not find it difficult to detect in his work the influence of Samuel Bowles and his co-laborers. The nine essays included in the volume under notice are Nature, Society and Solitude, Heroes and Hero-Worship, Morals, Sex, Literature and Democracy, The Superstition of Heredity, The Loneliness of Life, and Conservatism and Reform. All of them are balanced in thought, the scales dipping and rising almost incessantly, so anxious is the author to avoid a revelation of prejudice, or slightest deception. This is a good fault, and Mr. Saben does not carry it too far. Mr. Saben is both skilful and entertaining in his method. Mitchell Kennerley.

Mr. E. Phillips Oppenheim is once more lucky in choosing the machinery of a novel. At this moment, when no man may reasonably conjecture in what position the next day or even the next hour may leave the ancient Alliance or the youthful Entente, or guess whether "Rule Britannia" or "The Watch on the Rhine" will be the next favorite at the moving-picture shows, he publishes "The Vanished Messenger." The man from whom the novel takes its name is such an American as any adventurous youngster hopes to be in his middle age; the hero fits his place well and always answers to the need of the hour; but the villain and his troops of victims and unwilling but faithful slaves are the personages whom the reader watches. Everything ends happily, although the edifice of crime is crowned by a surprise for the reader, and horror for its beholders. Mr. Oppenheim's judgment and predictions in matters of European politics are always worth reading, but any mediaeval court would render judgment against him were he

accused of the sin of witchcraft on the ground furnished by "The Vanished Messenger," so accurate are its predictions. His next book may speak of a war of continents, but it cannot be more absorbing. Little, Brown & Company.

Mr. S. S. McClure's autobiography, which has been published serially in the magazine which he founded and which bears his name, is published in a volume by the Frederick A. Stokes Co., under the simple title "My Autobiography." A certain interest attaches to any autobiography of a successful man, especially when the success has been won by hard work and in face of serious obstacles. But the interest deepens when the story is told with such engaging frankness as in Mr. McClure's narrative, with no straining after effect, but with the simplicity and the vivacity of a man sitting down to indulge in reminiscences with a group of friends. Mr. McClure is of Scotch ancestry. Born of poor parents in the north of Ireland, he came to this country when he was nine, and was soon working hard as a farm hand, while his mother did washing by the day. He worked his way through school and college, contrived to live on eighteen cents a week, and acquired his first editorial and publishing experience on the college paper. His ventures in newspaper syndicates, his founding of McClure's Magazine with no capital worth mentioning, his editorial vicissitudes and losses, his discoveries of friends and co-laborers, his theories of editorial management, and his methods of "muck-raking" are described with humor, directness and the most charming candor. Not since Mary Antin wrote her life story has there appeared an autobiography so frank or so vivid. There are thirty or more illustrations, most of them portraits.